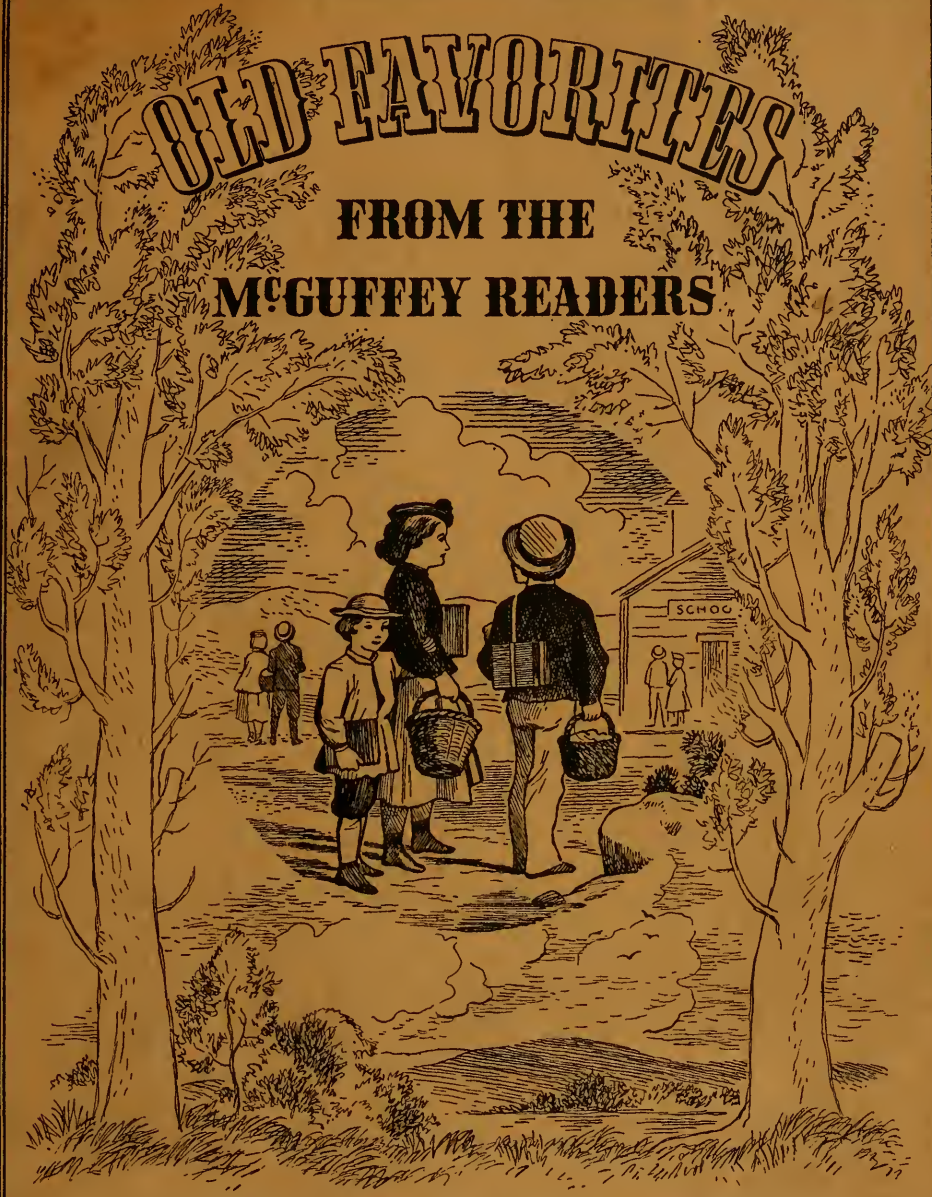
OLD FAVORITES FROM THE McGUFFEY READERS



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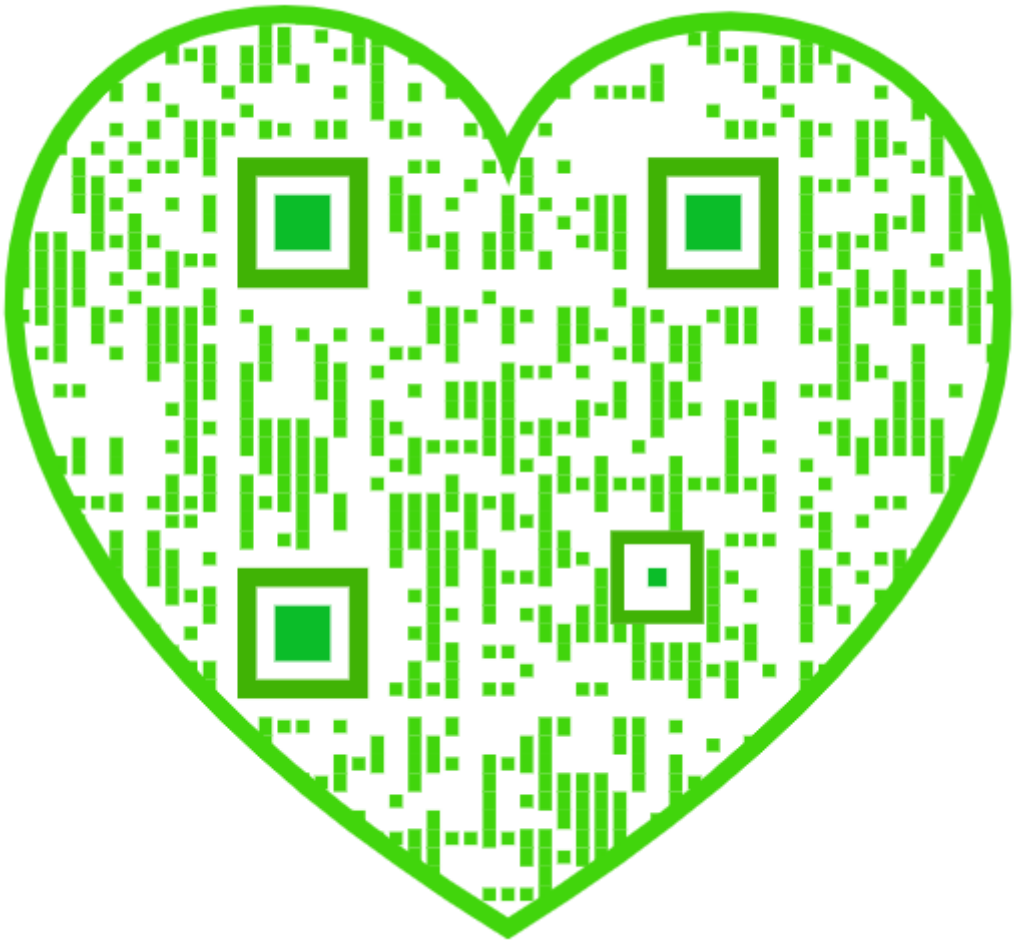

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Old Favorites from the McGuffey Readers

Old Favorites from the McGuffey Readers

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OLD FAVORITES FROM McGUFFEY

E. P. 1

MADE IN U.S.A.

Preface

Writing an introduction to McGuffey savors of the presumption of an introduction to the Bible. Those of us who owe to the genius of this man our first conscious taste for good literature and the deeper debt of unconsciously absorbed ideals and moral and ethical standards need no further introduction than the name "McGuffey." But newer generations may not appreciate the debt America owes to this modest, self-effacing teacher who bore the torch of education to light the wilderness.

McGuffey came at a time when a messiah of education was most needed. The wilderness beyond the Ohio was filling rapidly with settlers from the old colonies. The first really American state was forming. Before that time the Eastern states were largely dominated by the customs and cultures imported from Europe. Old prejudices were strengthening rather than disappearing. In the rush of settlement Puritan, Huguenot, Catholic, Quaker, Dutch, English, French, Irish, Scotch, met and mingled.

Three generations came into being with scant opportunity for education. Books were scarce, schools few and inadequate, and the majority of both teachers and ministers poorly equipped to meet the emergency. The cry "educate or we perish" was raised by teachers and parents, who saw the unsatisfied hunger for learning in some of their children and the lapse toward ignorance and savagery in others.

Into this field came McGuffey to assume, without pretense, but from a deep sense of duty, a leadership which made him one of the great among the cultural powers of the world. From 1836 until near the close of the century he exerted the greatest influence, culturally, of any person in American history. His teaching methods and his selections themselves, I know, have been ridiculed and criticized among modern educators. He has been charged with teaching by the absorption method—if so it is amazing how much of the fine taste in literature, how much of the morals pointed by his selections,

millions of American boys and girls absorbed and retained. Probably he drove home the point of his moral in crude manner; but he drove it home.

Even today his instructions to "scholars" as to how to read properly are surprising in their correctness and thoroughness as to the correct posture, voice handling, breathing, pronunciation, and expression. The effect probably was somewhat stilted, bombastic, unnatural—but his directions, although frequently distorted by incompetent teachers, developed a generation of orators and readers far better than those of the present.

McGuffey's religious, moral, and ethical influence over millions of Americans, especially in the Middle West is beyond computing, and it still remains the American standard. He taught rugged individualism, the dignity of labor, the basic virtues of thrift, honesty and charity, and pointed the punishment of doers of evil in a hundred examples. If virtue always triumphed and wickedness always was punished in his books it was because, despite the cynics, virtue always triumphs and sin always is punished.

The "Dignity of Labor," "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Rich Man's Son" persuaded millions that contentment outweighs riches in this world.

Despite the fact that McGuffey wrote little and seemed to think of himself only as an instrument, we know he was a very human, warm-hearted man. The idea that he was a bulging browed, solemn bookworm is wrong. His love of children, his keen sense of humor, his quiet joking, his unexpected illustration of athletic prowess for the benefit of students, was remarked by all who knew him well.

He taught millions how and what to read and study. He taught generations of American boys and girls the joy of labor—whether manual or mental. And the man who taught us how to study and work, also taught us how to play. More than forty selections in his readers taught fair play and sportsmanship. In a time when sports and games were rude, rough, sometimes almost savage he preached the doctrine of fair play and honor. He was, in fact, the father of sportsmanship in the classroom, the workshop, and on the playing field.

Hugh S. Fullerton

Introduction

In this year, the hundredth anniversary of the appearance of the first McGuffey Reader, it is fitting that we should publish a memorial anthology of the favorite selections from those books which molded the mental and moral lives of so many thousands of young people.

In compiling this centenary volume a list of all the lessons in the Readers was sent to twenty McGuffey societies and to other interested individuals. These McGuffey alumni designated their favorite lessons. From their choices the editor, with the advice of his distinguished associate editors, selected these hundred and fifty lessons as "old favorites." The editor and the publisher wish to express their gratitude to this board of associate editors, which consists of Henry Ford, James M. Cox, Hamlin Garland, Mark Sullivan, John H. Finley, William L. Bryan, John W. Studebaker, Hugh S. Fullerton, Simeon D. Fess, William F. Wiley, John F. Carlisle, Walter D. Cocking, and Charles B. Glenn.

As a teacher in the common schools, McGuffey became inspired to improve the quality of education in the schools. In his time the educational opportunities of youth were largely confined to rural schools. In many of these schools children from six to twenty-one were enrolled in a single room; often the range of years was even wider. To this group of "scholars" McGuffey addressed his lessons.

While the elementary lessons of the McGuffey Readers dealt largely with problems of conduct, the more advanced lessons served to introduce the older "scholars" to the best of the forensic, descriptive, sacred, and poetic literature of the world. Young America was led into courts of justice, temples of worship, halls of legislatures, churchyards of illustrious dead, and was filled with emotions of heroism, of sacrifice, of sorrow, of patriotism, and of noble living. The lessons con-

stituted a complete code of ethics, a manual of morals and manners. McGuffey envisaged the need of moral instruction in an era of bookless millions; he supplied this need in his Readers, whose influence has never been equalled by any school text.

In recognition of this influence, we present this anthology to the thousands who gratefully acknowledge their debt to the McGuffey Readers.

H. C. Minnich

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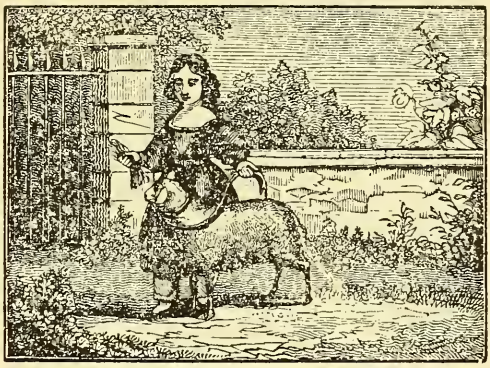
First Reader



LESSON XLIV.

laid	lamb	where	fol-low
rule	what	fleece	ev-er-y
that	harm	school	wait-ed
love	made	ea-ger	ap-pear
sure	snow	Ma-ry	a-gainst
bind	white	gen-tle	an-i-mal
near	laugh	a-fraid	ling-er-ed
went	makes	teach-er	pa-tient-ly

MA-RY'S LAMB.

MA-RY had a lit-tle lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And ev-er-y where that Ma-ry went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He went with her to school one day;
That was a-gainst the rule;
It made the chil-dren laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

So the teach-er turn-ed him out,
But still he ling-er-ed near,
And wait-ed pa-tient-ly a-bout,
Till Ma-ry did ap-pear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head up-on her arm,
As if he said; I'm not a-fraid,
You'll keep me from all harm.

"What makes the lamb love Ma-ry so?"
The ea-ger chil-dren cry;
"O Ma-ry loves the lamb, you know,"
The teach-er did re-ply.

"And you, each gen-tle an-i-mal
To you, for life, may bind,
And make it fol-low at your call,
If you are al-ways *kind*."

LESSON XXXV.

Mr. Post and the Little Girl.

One cold night, after old Mr. Post had gone to bed, he heard a noise at the door. So he got up, and went out.

And what do you think he found? A dog? No. A goat? No: he found a little babe on the steps.

Some bad person had left it there, and if Mr. Post had not taken it into the house it might have died with cold. He held it to the fire until it was warm, and then took it in his arms, and went to bed.

How kind old Mr. Post was. He did not know what to do with the innocent little babe, but he could not let it die.

When Mr. Post's little friends came to see him the next day, they thought it very strange, to see him have a little babe with him. He told them where he got the babe, and they all said that they would bring it milk, and sometimes come and help him to take care of it.

The little girl was named Mary, and was soon very fond of Mr. Post, and called him papa. In a short time she grew so large that she could run and open the gate for her papa, when he was going out.

Mr. Post taught her to read, and at night Mary would read the Bible to her papa.

Mary was soon able to get the dinner, and do little chores; and when her papa got so old that he could not work, Mary took care of him.

Ma-ry un-til call-ed some-times
go-ing din-ner pa-pa in-no-cent

LESSON XLI.

eye	like	light	world	a-sleep
are	star	show	sound	won-der
sky	dark	when	which	win-dow
dew	peep	spark	nev-er	twin-kle

THE LIT-TLE STAR.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star,
How I won-der what you are;
Up a-bove the world so high,
Like a dia-mond in the sky.

When the bla-zing sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your lit-tle light:
Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night!

Then if I were in the dark,
I would thank you for your spark:
I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twin-kle so.

And when I am sound a-sleep,
Oft you through my win-dow peep,
For you nev-er shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

Second Reader

LESSON LVI.

The Honest Boy and the Thief.

1. Charles was an honest boy, but his neighbor, Jack Pilfer, was a thief. Charles would never take any thing for his own which did not belong to him; but Jack would take whatever he could get, and when he found any thing that was lost, he would never restore it to the owner.

2. Early one summer's morning, as Charles was going to school, he met a man opposite the public house, who had oranges to sell. The man wished to stop and get his breakfast, and asked Charles if he would hold his horse while he went into the house.

3. But he first inquired of the landlord, if he knew Charles to be an honest boy, as he would not like to trust his oranges with him, if he was not.

4. Yes, said the landlord, I have known Charles all his life, and have never known him to lie or steal; all the neighbors know him to be an honest boy, and I will engage your oranges will be as safe with him as with yourself.

5. The orange man then put the bridle into Charles' hand, and went into the house to eat his breakfast.

6. Very soon Jack Pilfer came along the road, and seeing Charles holding the horse, he asked him whose horse he had there, and what was in the baskets on the horse. Charles told him that the owner of the horse was in the house, and that there were oranges in the baskets.

7. As soon as Jack found there were oranges

in the baskets, he determined to have one, and going up to the basket, he slipped in his hand and took out one of the largest, and was making off with it.

8. But Charles said, Jack, you shall not steal these oranges while I have the care of them, and so you may just put that one back into the basket.

9. Not I, said Jack, as I am the largest, I shall do as I please; but Charles was not afraid of him, and taking the orange out of his hand, he threw it back into the basket.

10. Jack then attempted to go round to the other side and take one from the other basket; but as he stepped too near the horse's heels, he received a violent kick, which sent him sprawling to the ground.

11. His cries soon brought out the people from the house, and when they learned what had happened, they said that Jack was rightly served; and the orange man, taking Charles' hat, filled it with oranges, as he said he had been so faithful in guarding them, he should have all these for his honesty.

Questions.—1. What is this story about? 2. Which was the honest boy? 3. What kind of a boy was Jack Pilfer? 4. What is a landlord? 5. What kind of a character did the landlord give Charles? 6. How can boys secure a good name? 7. What advantage is there in possessing a good character?

wrought	school	should	hon-est	bri-dle
found	horse	these	sew-ed	en-gage
whose	hand	round	own-er	see-ing

neigh-bor	sum-mer	de-ter-min-ed
larg-est	sprawl-ing	hap-pen-ed
guard-ing	land-lord	hon-es-ty

LESSON LXIX.

Father William.

1. You are old, Father William, Theophilus cries,
The few locks which are left you are gray:—
You appear, Father William, a healthy old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

2. When I was a youth, father William replied,
I remembered that youth would fly fast;
I abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.

3. You are old, Father William, Theophilus said,
And pleasures, with youth pass away;
And yet you repent not the days that are gone;—
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

4. When I was a youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

5. You are old, Father William, the young man still cries,
And life is swift hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
Come tell me the reason, I pray?

6. I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied;
Let the cause your attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age.

Questions.—1. Who is it that speaks to Father William? 2. What does he wish to know? 3. How had the old gentleman preserved his health so well? 4. What is it to abuse our health? 5. Why was Father William so cheerful? 6. What is it to remember God?

death	cheer-ful	ap-pear	en-gage
young	con-verse	rea-son	a-way
youth	vig-or	health-y	a-bu-sed

Will-iam	at-ten-tion	re-plied
The-oph-i-lus	for-got-ten	at-ten-tive
re-mem-ber-ed	meas-ures	what-ev-er

LESSON XII.

saw	took	town	place	pit'y
way	arms	dress	could	seem'ed
each	right	quite	house	be-came'
days	home	great	weeks	with-out'
walk	warm	which	brought	car'ri-ed

THE LAME DOG.

1. One day, a man went to take a walk in the town.

2. On his way home, he saw a little dog which had hurt his leg.

3. The poor dog was so lame, that he could not lift his foot with-out great pain.

4. This kind man saw there was no one to take pit-y on the poor dog.

5. So he took him in his arms, carried him home, and bound up his leg.

6. Then he fed him, made a warm place for him, and kept him for two days.

7. He then sent the dog out of his house, to his old home.

8. As it was not his own dog, he had no right to keep him.

9. But, each day, the dog came back for this kind man to dress his leg.

10. And this the dog did, till he be-came quite well.

11. In a few weeks, he came back, and brought with him a dog that was lame.

12. The dog that had been lame, first gave the man a look, and then the lame dog a look.

13. He seemed to say, "You made my lame leg well, and now I wish you to do the same for this poor dog."

14. Then the kind man took care of this dog al-so.

15. He kept him in his house till he be-came quite well, and could go home.

2d Rd. 3.

LESSON XXXI.

stiff	some	blew	quite	com′ing
lain	arms	drew	house	look′ing
coat	night	child	heard	him-self′
back	might	shrill	a′ny	some′thing

PETER PINDAR'S STORY.

1. "One sad, cold night, the snow fell fast, and the wind blew loud and shrill.

2. "It was quite dark. Not a star was to be seen in the sky.

3. "These good men sent out a dog, to hunt for those who might want help.

4. "In an hour or two, the dog was heard coming back.

5. "On looking out, they saw him with a boy on his back.

6. "The poor child was stiff with cold. He could but just hold on to the dog's back.

7. "He had lain for a long time in the snow, and was too weak to walk.

8. "He felt some-thing pull him by the coat, and heard the bark of a dog near him.

9. "He put out his hand, and felt the dog. The dog gave him one more pull.

10. "This gave the poor boy some hope, and he took hold of the dog.

11. "He drew him-self out of the snow; but he could not stand nor walk.

12. "He got on the dog's back. He put his arms round the dog's neck, and held on.

13. "He felt sure that the dog did not mean to do him any harm.

14. "Thus he rode on the dog's back, all the way to the good men's house.

15. "They took care of him, till the snow was gone. Then they sent him to his home."

EXERCISES.—Give, in your own words, Peter Pindar's story. Why did these men care so much about others? Of what use are dogs? Are all dogs like the one in the story?

ARTICULATION.

LET THE TEACHER articulate the letters, and pronounce the syllables, as a model for the pupil, until the latter can do it alone; and let him see that the learner frequently practices the vowel sounds by their figures, as in Exercises 1 and 2, pages 8 and 9.

Bw. bwa, bwe, bwi, bwo, bwu, bwoi, bwou.

Dw. dwa, dwe, dwi, dwo, dwu, dwoi, dwou.

LESSON LIV.

jail	thief	pray'ers	trem'bled
seals	thieves	stop'ped	com-mand'
steal	friend	blank'et	list'en-ed
crept	mu'sic	mo'ment	beau'ti-ful
watch	own'ed	chim'ney	yes'ter-day
sweep	sto'ries	cham'ber	com-mand'ment

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

1. THERE was once a little chimney-sweep, who had to sweep a chimney in the house of a very rich lady.

2. He went up at a fire-place below, and came down in the chamber.

3. When he got into the chamber, he found himself all alone. He stopped a moment to look round on the rich things he saw there.

4. As he looked on the top of the table, he saw a fine gold watch, with gold seals to it.

5. He had never seen any thing so beautiful before, and he took it up in his hands.

6. He listened to hear it tick. It began to play sweet music. He thought, if it were his own, how rich he would be.

7. Then he thought he might hide it in his blanket. No one, he thought, would ever know any thing about it.

8. "But," said he to himself, "if I take it, I shall be a thief. Yet nobody sees me. Nobody? Does not God see me?

9. "Could I ever, in all my life, be happy again? Would God ever hear my prayers again? And what should I do when I come to die?"

10. While the little sweep was thus thinking about taking the lady's watch, he felt cold all over, and trembled with fear.

11. "No," said he, "I can not take this watch. I would rather be a sweep and always be poor, than steal."

12. And down he laid the watch, and crept up the chimney.

13. Now, the lady who owned the watch, was in the next room. She could look through, and see and hear all that passed.

14. She did not say any thing to him then, but let him go away.

15. The next day she sent for the boy. When he came, she said to him, "Well, my friend, why did you not take my gold watch yesterday?"

16. The little sweep then fell upon his knees, and told the lady all about it.

17. Now, as the little sweep did not steal the gold watch, nor tell any stories about it, the lady let him stay, and live in her house.

18. For many years, she sent him to school. When he grew up, he became a good man. The commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal," he never forgot.

19. Had he taken the lady's watch, he would have stolen. Then he would have been sent to jail.

20. Let no little boy or girl ever take things without leave. This is stealing; and they who steal are thieves.

21. You can not steal the smallest thing, without sin, nor without being seen by that eye which never sleeps.

EXERCISES.—Relate the story of the chimney-sweep. What may we learn from this? Who sees us when we do wrong?

ARTICULATION.

Bs. ăbs, ēbs, ĭbs, ŏbs, ŭbs, oibs, oubs.

Bst. ăbst, ēbst, ĭbst, ŏbst, ŭbst, oibst, oubst.

fĭbs, fĭbst, rŏbs, rŏbst, wĕbs, wĕbst, bŏbs, bŏbst.

LESSON LV.

sorts	start	sach′el	les′sons	sto′ries
chart	blaze	sit′ting	skát′ing	e-nough′
tough	games	freez′es	cheer′ful	break′fast
sports	through	win′ters	smók′ing	crack′ling

WINTER SPORTS.

1. O, COME with me, and we will go,
And try the winter's cold, sir;
It freezes now, and soon will snow,
But we are tough and bold, sir.

2. We have had merry games in spring,
Of ball and other sorts, sir;
But winter, too, his share can bring
Of old and cheerful sports, sir.

3. With sled and sachel, off we start,
The smoking breakfast through, sir;
And all the day, with book and chart,
We have enough to do, sir.

4. But when our lessons all are done,
O then, we 're on the ice, sir;
And by the redly sinking sun,
We are skating it so nice, sir.

5. Then come with me, and we will go,
And try the winter's cold, sir;
Nor fear the ice, nor fear the snow,
For we are tough and bold, sir.

6. And then at evening, sitting round
The crackling, cheerful blaze, sir,
We 'll tell our stories, sing our songs,
And close the winter days, sir.

EXERCISES.—What are the games of spring? What are the sports of winter? In what pleasant way may winter evenings be spent? What should be attended to before play?

TO TEACHERS.

THE EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION should be practiced *thoroughly* and *perseveringly*. The Teacher will be abundantly rewarded, by securing in his pupils a flexibility in the organs of speech, which forms the basis of *distinct* and *correct* articulation, in reading, speaking, and conversation.

ARTICULATION.

Double letters as *bb*, must be articulated as *one*.

Bd. ăbd, ĕbd, ĭbd, ŏbd, ŭbd, oibd, oubd.
mŏbbd, rŏbbd, blăbbd, năbbd, rŭbbd, stŭbbd.
Ds. ăds, ĕds, ĭds, ŏds, ŭds, oids, ouds.
Dst. ădst, ĕdst, ĭdst, ŏdst, ŭdst, oidst, oudst.
bĭds, bĭdst, bĕds, bĕdst, bŭds, bŭdst, dĭdst, lĕdst.

LESSON LVI.

piece	sly'ly	les'son	an-oth'er
knife	cit'ron	fid'dler	hap'pi-er
eat'en	stin'gy	or'ange	cov'er-*ed*
sug'ar	doc'tor	stuff'*ed*	pres'ent-ly
par'cel	pil'low	re-ward'	to-mor'row
par'ents	griev'*ed*	gnaw'*ed*	school'-mates

THE THREE BOYS AND THE THREE CAKES.

1. THERE was a little boy whose name was Harry. His parents sent him to school.

2. Now Harry was not like idle John, of whom I told you. He loved his book, and was the first in his class.

3. One morning, his mother called Betty, the cook. She said to her, "Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry; for he has learned his lesson very well." Betty said, "Yes, with all my heart."

4. They made a large cake, and stuffed it full of plums, orange, and citron. It was covered with sugar, and looked as white and smooth as snow.

5. Harry was much pleased when he saw the cake, and jumped about for joy. He did not even wait for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a dog.

6. He ate till the bell rang for school. After school, he ate till bed-time. His bed-fellow told me, that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat.

7. Presently after, this little boy was very sick, and they had to send for the doctor. The doctor came, and gave him, I do not know how much bitter stuff.

8. Poor Harry did not like this. But he must take it, or the doctor said he would die. Harry at last got well. But he had no more cakes sent to him.

9. Now there was another boy, one of Harry's playmates, whose name was Peter. The boys called him stingy Peter.

10. Peter had written a very neat, pretty letter to his mother, without one blot in it all. His mother, to reward him, sent him a cake.

11. Now Peter thought he would not be so silly as Harry. He would not eat so much as to make himself sick, but would keep it a long while.

12. So he took the cake up stairs into his room. It was so heavy he could hardly carry it.

13. He locked it up in his box. Once a day, he crept slyly up stairs, and ate a piece, and then locked it up again.

14. But after a day or two, behold! the mice got into the box, and ate it all up. Peter was very much grieved; but nobody was sorry for him.

15. Well, there was another boy, whose name was Billy, at the same school. Billy loved his mother dearly, and his mother loved him, and sent him a cake.

16. When the cake came, Billy said to his school-mates; "I have got a cake, boys: come, let us go and eat it."

17. They came about him like a parcel of bees. Billy gave a piece of cake to each one, and then took a piece himself, so that it was nearly gone.

18. Then Billy said, "We will save the rest to eat to-morrow."

19. But soon after, an old blind fiddler came into the yard. He had a little dog, tied with a string, to lead him. The dog led him under a tree, and the man sat down.

20. Billy saw that he looked very sad, and asked him what was the matter.

21. The poor old man said he was very hungry. He had had nothing to eat for a long time, and he could not work, as he was old and blind.

22. Then Billy, without saying a word, brought the rest of the cake. He said, "Here, old man, is some cake for you," and put it into the old man's hat.

23. The fiddler thanked him, and Billy was happier than if he had eaten ten cakes.

EXERCISES.—Will you tell us all about Harry's cake? Peter's? Billy's? Which of the boys do you like best?

LESSON LXIII.

paws	piec'es	ob-tain'	build'ing
signs	par'lor	ceil'ing	serv'i-ces
touch	pow'er	rub'bish	an'i-mals
tricks	pat'ted	suc-ceed'	a-mŭs'ing
chance	dan'ger	anx'ious	ad-mit'ted
fa'vor	at-tract'	cham'ber	com-pan'ion
no'tice	stoop'ed	thou'sand	troub'le-some

THE LITTLE DOG FIDO.

1. A LITTLE dog was once very anxious to obtain the favor of his master, and tried all the little arts in his power to attract his notice.

2. When his master came near the house, Fido would run to meet him, lick his hand, and play before him.

3. Every now and then he would stop, wag his tail, and look into his master's face, as though he loved him very much.

4. One day, his master stooped down and patted him on the head, and spoke so kindly, that Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

5. Ever after this, Fido was the constant companion of his master, skipping around him, and amusing him by a thousand merry tricks.

6. He took care, however, not to be troublesome, by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlor, unless he was asked.

7. He also tried to make himself useful to his kind master, by a great many little services.

8. He would drive away all strange pigs and other animals, that came into the yard.

9. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, Fido would sit by it, and would not suffer man or beast to touch it.

10. Once when his master was sick, Fido lay at the chamber door, and would not leave it, even to get his food.

11. When his master was well enough, Fido was admitted into the room, and showed so many signs of joy, that his master was more fond of him than ever.

12. Some time after this, Fido had a chance of saving his master's life. His master was sleeping in a summer-house, with Fido at his side.

13. The building was old and crazy, and the dog saw the wall shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling.

14. Fido knew that there was danger, and began barking to awake his master; as this did not succeed, he jumped up, and gently bit his finger.

15. His master started up, and seeing the danger, had just time to get out of the door, when the whole building fell.

16. Fido was hurt by some of the rubbish. But his master had him kindly taken care of. until he got well.

EXERCISES.—What was the name of the little dog? In what ways did he make himself useful? How did he behave when his master was sick? How did he save his master's life?

ARTICULATION.

Lk. $\overset{2}{a}$lk, $\overset{2}{e}$lk, $\overset{2}{i}$lk, $\overset{2}{o}$lk, $\overset{2}{u}$lk, oilk, oulk.

Lm. $\overset{2}{a}$lm, $\overset{2}{e}$lm, $\overset{2}{i}$lm, $\overset{2}{o}$lm, $\overset{2}{u}$lm, oilm, oulm.

$\overset{2}{b}$ulk, $\overset{2}{m}$ilk, $\overset{2}{h}$ulk, $\overset{2}{h}$elm, $\overset{2}{f}$ilm, $\overset{2}{c}$ulm.

LESSON LXVIII.

chirp	nest'le	own'er	be-lieve'
brood	de-sire'	sick'les	neg-lect'
flight	or'ders	beg'ged	ab'sence
fright	un'cles	reap'ers	re-solves'
friends	cous'ins	re-move'	kins'men
tongues	for'ward	de-pends'	our-selves'
coup'le	neigh'bors	there'fore	for-got'ten

THE LARK AND THE FARMER.

1. A LARK had a nest of young ones in a field of corn, which was almost ripe.

2. She was afraid the reapers would be set to work, before her brood were old enough to remove from the place.

3. One morning, therefore, before she took her flight, to seek for something with which to feed them, she called them to her.

4. "My dear little ones," said she, "be sure that, in my absence, you notice every word you hear, and tell me as soon as I come home."

5. Soon after she was gone, the owner of the field and his son came in.

6. "Well, George," said he, "this corn, I think, is ripe enough to be cut down.

7. "To-morrow morning, as soon as you can see, go and desire our friends and neighbors to come and help us.

8. "Tell them that we will do as much for them, when they want us."

9. When the old lark came back, the young ones began to nestle and chirp about her. They begged her, after what they had heard, to remove them as soon as she could.

10. "Hush!" said she, "hold your silly tongues.

11. "If the farmer depends upon his friends and his neighbors, you may take my word for it, that his corn will not be reaped to-morrow."

12. The next morning, therefore, the lark went out again, and left the same orders.

13. The owner of the field came soon after, to wait for those to whom he had sent.

14. But the sun grew hot, and not a man came to help him.

15. "Why, then," said he to his son, "I 'll tell you what, my boy: you see, our friends have forgotten us.

16. "You must, therefore, run to your uncles and cousins. Tell them that I shall expect them to-morrow, early, to help us to reap."

17. This also the young ones told their mother, as soon as she came home. And in a sad fright they were.

18. "Never mind," said the old one. "For if that be all, you will see that his kinsmen will not be so forward to assist him, as he seems willing to believe.

19. "But mark," said she, "what you hear the next time; and let me know without fail what is said."

20. The old lark went abroad the next day as before. But the poor farmer found that his kinsmen were as backward as his neighbors.

21. "Why, then, since our kinsmen so neglect us, do you get," said he to his son, "a couple of good sickles, and in the morning, we will reap the corn ourselves."

22. When the young ones told this to their mother, she said, "Now, my little dears, we must indeed be gone.

23. "For when a man resolves to do his work himself, you may depend upon it, that it will be done."

EXERCISES.—What had a nest of young ones? What did she say one morning? What happened that day? What happened the next day? What on the third day? When did the old lark think the corn would be reaped?

LESSON VII.

spī′ derş
stāy
nōşe
ɛra̤wlş
bĕck
ḡōeş
spĕck
dŏt
sho̤eş

tĭck′ling
nĕck
sē′ɛret
lĕḡş
ōpe
tōeş
chōōşe
nŏd
sĭx

sprĕad be liēve′

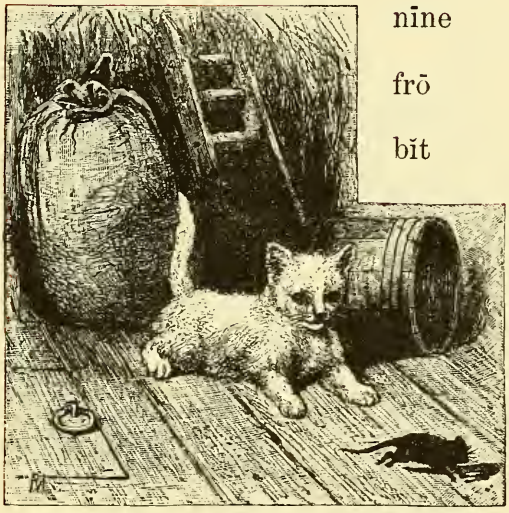
BABY-BYE.

1. Baby-Bye,
Here 's a fly;
We will watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

2. Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes,
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

3. Flies can see
More than we;
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never use flies well;
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly, good day.

LESSON IX.



nīne mous'ie

frō frŏl'ic

bĭt slĭpped

spīed

crōw

tēeth

pēarl

ūṣed

KITTY AND MOUSIE.

1. Once there was a little kitty,
White as the snow;
In a barn he used to frolic,
Long time ago.

2. In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the little kitty,
Long time ago.

3. Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a crow;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

4. Four soft paws had little kitty,
Paws soft as snow;
And they caught the little mousie,
Long time ago.

5. Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

6. When the teeth bit little mousie,
Mousie cried out "Oh!"
But she slipped away from kitty,
Long time ago.

LESSON XVI.

fụll	lōad	hĕav′y	mĭd′dle	hĕav′i er
slĭp	wrŏng	hănd′le	brŏth′er	de çēived′

A KIND BROTHER.

1. A boy was once sent from home to take a basket of things to his grandmother.

2. The basket was so full that it was very heavy. So his little brother went with him, to help carry the load.

3. They put a pole under the handle of the basket, and each then took hold of an end of the pole. In this way they could carry the basket very nicely.

4. Now the older boy thought, "My brother Tom does not know about this pole.

5. "If I slip the basket near him, his side will be heavy, and mine light; but if the basket is in the middle of the pole, it will be as heavy for me as it is for him.

6. "Tom does not know this as I do. But I will not do it. It would be wrong, and I will not do what is wrong."

7. Then he slipped the basket quite near his own end of the pole. His load was now heavier than that of his little brother.

8. Yet he was happy; for he felt that he had done right. Had he deceived his brother, he would not have felt at all happy.

LESSON XX.

dĭ vīd'ed quạr'rel a grēe' thŭs sĕt'tle
sĕt'tling kẽr'nel ē'qual ăpt pärts

THE QUARREL.

1. Under a great tree in the woods, two boys saw a fine, large nut, and both ran to get it.

2. James got to it first, and picked it up.

3. "It is mine," said John, "for I was the first to see it."

4. "No, it is mine," said James, "for I was the first to pick it up."

5. Thus, they at once began to quarrel about the nut.

6. As they could not agree whose it should be, they called an older boy, and asked him.

7. The older boy said, "I will settle this quarrel."

8. He took the nut, and broke the shell. He then took out the kernel,

and divided the shell into two parts, as nearly equal as he could.

9. "This half of the shell," said he, "belongs to the boy who first saw the nut.

10. "And this half belongs to the boy who picked it up.

11. "The kernel of the nut, I shall keep as my pay for settling the quarrel.

12. "This is the way," said he, laughing, "in which quarrels are very apt to end."

LESSON LVIII.

lĕnd	Sā′rah	cŏm′fort	a shāmed′
yo͝urs	wĭll′ing	thĭm′ble	ĕlse′whêre
ūs′ing	bŏr′rōw	of fĕnd′ed	de pĕnd′ed

A PLACE FOR EVERY THING.

Mary. I wish you would lend me your thimble, Sarah. I can never find my own.

Sarah. Why is it, Mary, you can never find it?

Mary. How can I tell? But if you will not lend me yours, I can borrow one elsewhere.

Sarah. I am willing to lend mine to you, Mary. But I would very much like to know why you come to me to borrow so often.

Mary. Because you never lose any of your things, and always know where to find them.

Sarah. And why do I always know where to find my things?

Mary. I do not know why, I am sure. If I did know, I might sometimes find my own.

Sarah. I will tell you the secret. I have a place for every thing, and I put every thing in its place when I have done using it.

Mary. O Sarah! who wants to run and put away a thing as soon as she has used it, as if her life depended upon it?

Sarah. Our life does not depend upon it, but our comfort does, surely. How much more time will it take to put a thing in its place, than to hunt for it or to borrow whenever you want to use it?

Mary. Well, Sarah, I will never borrow of you again, you may depend upon it.

Sarah. You are not offended with me, I hope.

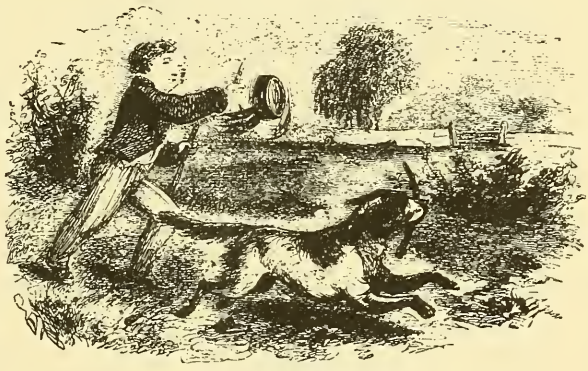
Mary. No, but I am ashamed. Before night, I will have a place for every thing, and then I will keep every thing

in its place. You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember.

Third Reader

LESSON XI.

oaks	Ro-ver	use-ful	cot-tage
close	boughs	wea-ry	past-ure
shades	sha-ded	won-der	faith-ful



RO-VER.

1. In sum-mer, at the close of day,
When sun-set shades had come,
George with his Ro-ver, went to find
The cows, and drive them home.

2. The past-ure where they dai-ly went
To break-fast and to dine,
Was large and green, a sun-ny place;
Its grass was sweet and fine.

3. And through it ran a lit-tle brook,
Where oft the cows would drink,
And then lie down a-mong the flow-ers
That grew up-on the brink.

4. They liked to lie be-neath the trees,
All sha-ded by the boughs,
When-e'er the noon-tide heat came on:
Sure they were hap-py cows.

5. And oft, at night, when Geor-gy came,
Quite wea-ry with his race,
The cows would be a-mong the oaks,
In a far dis-tant place.

6. Then he would wait, and Ro-ver call:
A-way would Ro-ver go,
And leave his mas-ter at the gate,
With noth-ing there to do.

7. And quick-ly he would find the cows,
And make them walk be-fore,
Nor let them stop till they were safe,
Be-side the cot-tage door.

8. And ma-ny oth-er use-ful things,
Would faith-ful Ro-ver do,
No won-der George was kind to him,
And al-ways loved him so.

QUESTIONS.—What did Rover do? How did George treat him? How can we secure the love of others?

ARTICULATION.

Pl.	pla[1],	ple[1],	pli[1],	plo[1],	plu[1],	ploi,	plou.
Pr.	pra[1],	pre[1],	pri[1],	pro[1],	pru[1],	proi,	prou.
	plod[2],	pled[2],	prim[2],	prog[2],	plad[2],	prop[2],	plan[2].

LESSON XVII.

court	of-fice	weighs	pre-tense
judge	sto-ry	jus-tice	an-i-mals
a-gree	cheese	grave-ly	cram-med
wrong	mor-al	nib-bled	sup-po-sed
tri-fles	de-cide	bal-ance	dis-miss-ed
re-sort	ob-jects	mon-key	in-struc-tion

THE CATS AND THE MON-KEY.

A FA-BLE.

1. A FA-BLE is a sto-ry, in which an-i-mals or oth-er ob-jects are sup-po-sed to talk, al-though they nev-er do so.

2. The mor-al of a fa-ble is, the in-struc-tion to be drawn from it. Here is the fa-ble of the cats and the mon-key.

3. Two hun-gry cats, hav-ing sto-len some cheese, could not a-gree how to di-vide it. So they call-ed in a mon-key to de-cide the case.

4. "Let me see," says the mon-key with an arch look, "this slice weighs more than the oth-er." With that, he bit off a large piece, in or-der, as he said, to make them bal-ance.

5. The oth-er scale was now too heav-y. This gave the up-right judge a fine pre-tense to take a sec-ond mouth-ful.

6. "Hold! hold!" cried the two cats, "give each of us his share of the rest, and we will be con-tent."

7. "If you are con-tent," says the mon-key, "jus-tice is not. The law, my friends, must have its course."

8. So he nib-bled first one piece, and then the oth-er. The poor cats, see-ing their cheese in a fair way to be eat-en up, most hum-bly beg-ged the judge to give him-self no fur-ther trou-ble.

9. "Not so fast, I be-seech you, my friends," says the judge, "we owe jus-tice to

our-selves as well as to you. What is left, is due to me in right of my of-fice."

10. So say-ing, he cram-med the whole in-to his mouth, and ve-ry grave-ly dis-miss-ed the court.

MOR-AL.

11. This fa-ble teach-es us, that it is bet-ter to bear slight wrong, rath-er than to re-sort to law for tri-fles.

QUESTIONS.—What is a fable? What is meant by the moral of a fable? Relate this fable and give its moral.

ARTICULATION.

Rb,	rbs.	arb,	^{3}orb,	^{3}urb,	^{3}arbs,	^{3}orbs,	^{3}urbs.
		^{3}barb,	^{3}barbs,	^{3}garb,	^{3}garbs,	^{3}erb,	^{3}erbs.

LESSON XIII.

wọlf	ḡriēved	sleeve	nẹigh′borṣ	ẽar′nest
ăx′eṣ	elŭbṣ	ôr′der	sĭṉ′ḡle	de stroy′

THE WOLF.

1. A boy was once taking care of some sheep, not far from a forest. Near by was a village, and he was told to call for help if there was any danger.

2. One day, in order to have some fun, he cried out, with all his might, "The wolf is coming! the wolf is coming!"

3. The men came running with clubs and axes to destroy the wolf. As they saw nothing they went home again, and left John laughing in his sleeve.

4. As he had had so much fun this time, John cried out again, the next day, "The wolf! the wolf!"

5. The men came again, but not so many as the first time. Again they saw no trace of the wolf; so they shook their heads, and went back.

6. On the third day, the wolf came in earnest. John cried in dismay, "Help! help!

the wolf! the wolf!" But not a single man came to help him.

7. The wolf broke into the flock, and killed

a great many sheep. Among them was a beautiful lamb, which belonged to John.

8. Then he felt very sorry that he had deceived his friends and neighbors, and grieved over the loss of his pet lamb.

The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived.

LESSON XIX.

wīreş	trāde	bär′gain	săd′ness	prĭş′on erş
wạr	Frĕnch	a piēçe′	nŭm′ber	re şŏlved′

THE BIRDS SET FREE.

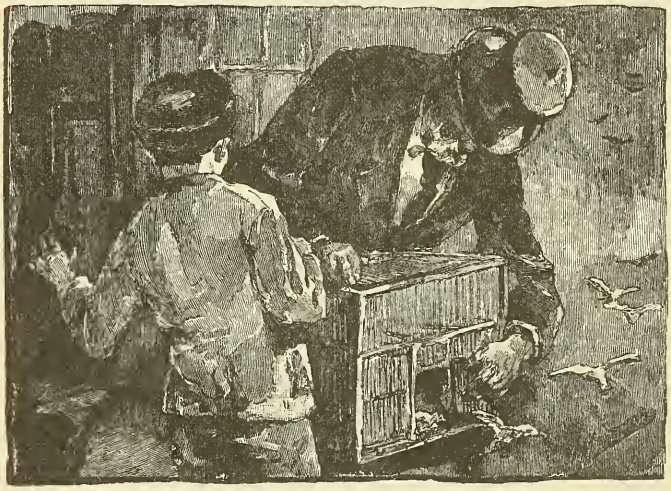
1. A man was walking one day through a large city. On a street corner he saw a boy with a number of small birds for sale, in a cage.

2. He looked with sadness upon the little prisoners flying about the cage, peeping through the wires, beating them with their wings, and trying to get out.

3. He stood for some time looking at the birds. At last he said to the boy, "How much do you ask for your birds?"

4. "Fifty cents apiece, sir," said the boy. "I do not mean how much apiece," said the man, "but how much for all of them? I want to buy them *all*."

5. The boy began to count, and found they came to five dollars. "There is your money,"



said the man. The boy took it, well pleased with his morning's trade.

6. No sooner was the bargain settled than the man opened the cage door, and let all the birds fly away.

7. The boy, in great surprise, cried, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

8. "I will tell you why I did it," said the man. "I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison which I can make free."

LESSON XX.

down'y fīrm'ly stāid pĕt'alş erīme

A MOMENT TOO LATE.

1. A moment too late, my beautiful bird,
   A moment too late are you now;
   The wind has your soft, downy nest disturbed—
   The nest that you hung on the bough.

2. A moment too late; that string in your bill,
   Would have fastened it firmly and strong;
   But see, there it goes, rolling over the hill!
   Oh, you staid a moment too long.

3. A moment, one moment too late, busy bee;
   The honey has dropped from the flower:
   No use to creep under the petals and see;
   It stood ready to drop for an hour.

4. A moment too late; had you sped on your wing,
   The honey would not have been gone;

Now you see what a very, a very sad thing
'T is to stay a moment too long.

5. Little girl, never be a moment too late,
It will soon end in trouble or crime;
Better be an hour early, and stand and wait,
Than a moment behind the time.

6. If the bird and the bee, little boy, were too late,
Remember, as you play along
On your way to school, with pencil and slate,
Never stay a moment too long.

LESSON XXXIII.

thĭck′et	härsh′ly	wräth	whĕnçe	răm′bling
prọv′ing	tō′ward	ĕeh′o	mŏck′ing	ăn′gri ly
fo͞ol′ish	a broạd′	erŏss	Bī′ble	ĭn′stant ly

THE ECHO.

1. As Robert was one day rambling about, he happened to cry out, "Ho, ho!" He instantly heard coming back from a hill near by, the same words, "Ho, ho!"

2. In great surprise, he said with a loud voice, "Who are you?" Upon this, the same words came back, "Who are you?"

3. Robert now cried out harshly, "You must be a very foolish fellow." "Foolish fellow!" came back from the hill.

4. Robert became angry, and with loud and fierce words went toward the spot whence the sounds came. The words all came back to him in the same angry tone.

5. He then went into the thicket, and looked for the boy who, as he thought, was mocking him; but he could find nobody anywhere.

6. When he went home, he told his moth-

er that some boy had hid himself in the wood, for the purpose of mocking him.

7. "Robert," said his mother, "you are angry with yourself alone. You heard nothing but your own words."

8. "Why, mother, how can that be?" said Robert. "Did you never hear an echo?" asked his mother. "An echo, dear mother? No, ma'am. What is it?"

9. "I will tell you," said his mother. "You know, when you play with your ball,

and throw it against the side of a house, it bounds back to you." "Yes, mother," said he, "and I catch it again."

10. "Well," said his mother, "if I were in the open air, by the side of a hill or a large barn, and should speak very loud, my voice would be sent back, so that I could hear again the very words which I spoke.

11. "That, my son, is an echo. When you thought some one was mocking you, it was only the hill before you, echoing, or sending back, your own voice.

12. "The bad boy, as you thought it was, spoke no more angrily than yourself. If you had spoken kindly, you would have heard a kind reply.

13. "Had you spoken in a low, sweet, gentle tone, the voice that came back would have been as low, sweet, and gentle as your own.

14. "The Bible says, 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' Remember this when you are at play with your school-mates.

15. "If any of them should be offended, and speak in a loud, angry tone, remember the echo, and let your words be soft and kind.

16. "When you come home from school, and find your little brother cross and peevish, speak mildly to him. You will soon see a smile on his lips, and find that his tones will become mild and sweet.

17. "Whether you are in the fields or in the woods, at school or at play, at home or abroad, remember,

The good and the kind,
By kindness their love ever proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving."

LESSON XLII.

BEWARE OF THE FIRST DRINK.

1. "Uncle Philip, as the day is fine, will you take a walk with us this morning?"

2. "Yes, boys. Let me get my hat and cane, and we will take a ramble. I will tell you a story as we go. Do you know poor old Tom Smith?"

3. "Know him! Why, Uncle Philip, every body knows him. He is such a shocking drunkard, and swears so horribly."

4. "Well, I have known him ever since we were boys together. There was not a more decent, well-behaved boy among us. After he left school, his father died, and he was put into a store in the city. There, he fell into bad company.

5. "Instead of spending his evenings in reading, he would go to the theater and to balls. He soon learned to play cards, and of course to play for money. He lost more than he could pay.

6. "He wrote to his poor mother, and told her his losses. She sent him money to pay his debts, and told him to come home.

7. "He did come home. After all, he might still have been useful and happy, for his friends were willing to forgive the past. For a time, things went on well. He married a lovely woman, gave up his bad habits, and was doing well.

8. "But one thing, boys, ruined him forever. In the city, he had learned to take strong drink, and he said to me once, that when a man begins to drink, he never knows where it will end. 'Therefore,' said Tom, 'beware of the first drink!'

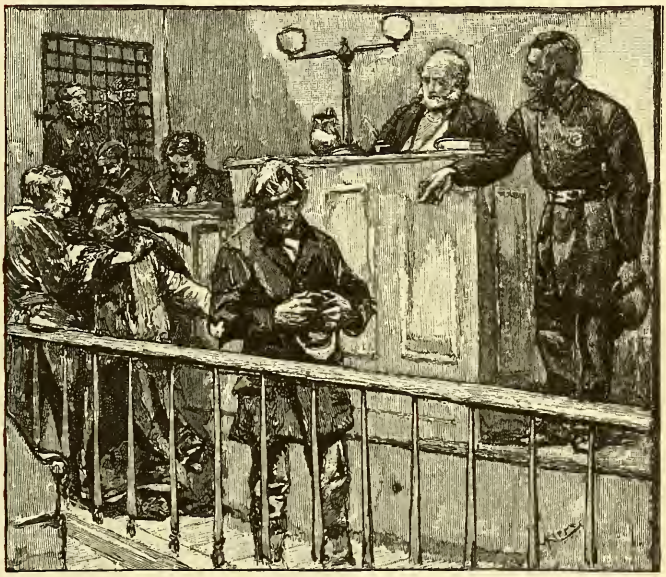
9. "It was not long before he began to follow his old habit. He knew the danger, but it seemed as if he could not resist his desire to drink. His poor mother soon died of grief and shame. His lovely wife followed her to the grave.

10. "He lost the respect of all, went on from bad to worse, and has long been a perfect sot. Last night, I had a letter from the city, stating that Tom Smith has been found guilty of stealing, and sent to the state-prison for ten years.

11. "There I suppose he will die, for he is now old. It is dreadful to think to what an end he has come. I could not but think,

as I read the letter, of what he said to me years ago, 'Beware of the first drink!'

12. "Ah, my dear boys, when old Uncle Philip is gone, remember that he told you



the story of Tom Smith, and said to you, 'Beware of the first drink!' The man who does this will never be a drunkard."

DEFINITIONS.—3. Hŏr'ri bly, *in a dreadful manner, terribly.* 4. Dē'çent, *modest, respectable.* 9. Re ṣĭst', *withstand, overcome.* 10. Sŏt, *an habitual drunkard.* Guĭlt'y, *justly chargeable with a crime.*

3. &

LESSON XLIII.

SPEAK GENTLY.

1. Speak gently; it is better far
   To rule by love than fear:
   Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
   The good we might do here.

2. Speak gently to the little child;
   Its love be sure to gain;
   Teach it in accents soft and mild;
   It may not long remain.

3. Speak gently to the aged one;
   Grieve not the care-worn heart:
   The sands of life are nearly run;
   Let such in peace depart.

4. Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
   Let no harsh tone be heard;
   They have enough they must endure,
   Without an unkind word.

5. Speak gently to the erring; know
   They must have toiled in vain;
   Perhaps unkindness made them so;
   Oh, win them back again.

6. Speak gently: 't is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. Hangford.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Mär, *injure, hurt.* 2. Ae'çents, *language, tones.* 4. En dūre', *bear, suffer.* 5. Err'ing (ēr'-), *sinning.* 6. E tēr'ni ty, *the endless hereafter, the future.*

LESSON XLIV.

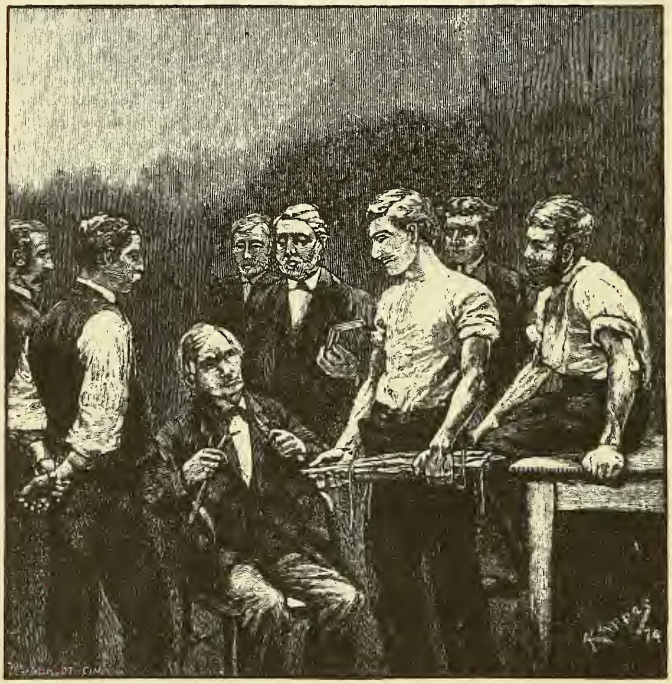
THE SEVEN STICKS.

1. A man had seven sons, who were always quarreling. They left their studies and work, to quarrel among themselves. Some bad men were looking forward to the death of their father, to cheat them out of their property by making them quarrel about it.

2. The good old man, one day, called his sons around him. He laid before them seven sticks, which were bound together. He said, "I will pay a hundred dollars to the one who can break this bundle."

3. Each one strained every nerve to break the bundle. After a long but vain trial, they all said that it could not be done.

4. "And yet, my boys," said the father, "nothing is easier to do." He then untied the bundle, and broke the sticks, one by one, with perfect ease.



5. "Ah!" said his sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; any body could do it in that way."

6. Their father replied, "As it is with these sticks, so is it with you, my sons. So

long as you hold fast together and aid each other, you will prosper, and none can injure you.

7. "But if the bond of union be broken, it will happen to you just as it has to these sticks, which lie here broken on the ground."

Home, city, country, all are prosperous found,
When by the powerful link of union bound.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Chēat, *deceive, wrong.* Prŏp'er ty, *that which one owns—whether land, goods, or money.* 2. Bŭn'dle, *a number of things bound together.* 3. Nērve, *sinew, muscle.* 6. Prŏs'per, *succeed, do well.* 7. Un'ion (yụn'yun), *the state of being joined or united.*

LESSON XLVI.

HARRY AND THE GUIDE-POST.

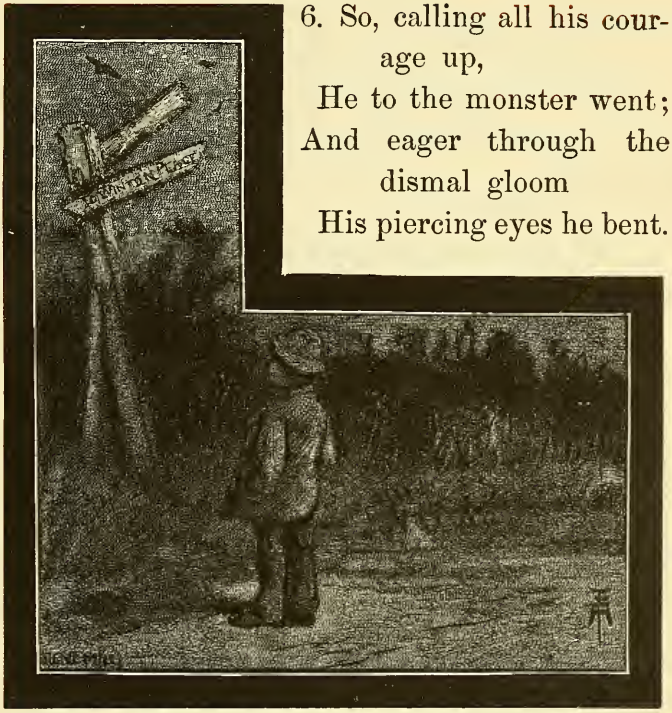
1. The night was dark, the sun was hid
   Beneath the mountain gray,
   And not a single star appeared
   To shoot a silver ray.

2. Across the heath the owlet flew,
   And screamed along the blast;
   And onward, with a quickened step,
   Benighted Harry passed.

3. Now, in thickest darkness plunged,
   He groped his way to find;
   And now, he thought he saw beyond,
   A form of horrid kind.

4. In deadly white it upward rose,
   Of cloak and mantle bare,
   And held its naked arms across,
   To catch him by the hair.

5. Poor Harry felt his blood run cold,
   At what before him stood;
   But then, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,
   Can happen to the good.



6. So, calling all his courage up,
He to the monster went;
And eager through the dismal gloom
His piercing eyes he bent.

7. And when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapped his hands upon his side,
And loudly laughed outright.

8. For 't was a friendly guide-post stood,
His wandering steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good,
No evil could betide.

9. Ah well, thought he, one thing I 've learned,
Nor shall I soon forget;
Whatever frightens me again,
I 'll march straight up to it.

10. And when I hear an idle tale,
Of monster or of ghost,
I 'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
And one tall, white guide-post.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Hēath, *a place overgrown with shrubs.* Be nīght'ed, *overtaken by the night.* 3. Grōped, *felt his way in the dark.* Hŏr'rid, *hideous, frightful.* 6. Mŏn'ster, *a thing of unnatural size and shape.* Dĭş'mal, *dark, cheerless.* Piēr'çing, *sharp, penetrating.* 7. Ghōst (gōst), *a frightful object in white, an apparition.* 8. Guīde'-pōst, *a post and sign set up at the forks of a road to direct travelers.* Be tīde', *befall, happen.* 10. I'dle, *of no account, foolish.*

LESSON XLVII.

THE MONEY AMY DIDN'T EARN.

1. Amy was a dear little girl, but she was too apt to waste time in getting ready to do her tasks, instead of doing them at once as she ought.

2. In the village in which she lived, Mr. Thornton kept a store where he sold fruit of all kinds, including berries in their season. One day he said to Amy, whose parents were quite poor, "Would you like to earn some money?"

3. "Oh, yes," replied she, "for I want some new shoes, and papa has no money to buy them with."

4. "Well, Amy," said Mr. Thornton, "I noticed some fine ripe blackberries in Mr. Green's pasture to-day, and he said that any body was welcome to them. I will pay you thirteen cents a quart for all you will pick for me."

5. Amy was delighted at the thought of earning some money; so she ran home to get a basket, intending to go immediately to pick the berries.

6. Then she thought she would like to know how much money she would get if she picked five quarts. With the help of her slate and pencil, she found out that she would get sixty-five cents.

7. "But supposing I should pick a dozen quarts," thought she, "how much should I earn then?" "Dear me," she said, after fig-

uring a while, "I should earn a dollar and fifty-six cents."

8. Amy then found out what Mr. Thornton would pay her for fifty, a hundred, and two hundred quarts. It took her some time to

do this, and then it was so near dinner time that she had to stay at home until afternoon.

9. As soon as dinner was over, she took

her basket and hurried to the pasture. Some boys had been there before dinner, and all the ripe berries were picked. She could not find enough to fill a quart measure.

10. As Amy went home, she thought of what her teacher had often told her—"Do your task at once; then think about it," for "one doer is worth a hundred dreamers."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Tăsks, *work which one has to do.* 2. Sēa'son, *proper time of the year.* 4. Quart, *the fourth part of a gallon.* 7. Fĭg'ūr ing, *computing, calculating.* 9. Hŭr'-ried, *went rapidly.* Mĕas'ūre, *vessel.*

LESSON L.

THE ALARM-WATCH.

1. A lady, who found it not easy to wake in the morning as early as she wished,

bought an alarm-watch. These watches are so made as to strike with a loud whirring noise, at any hour the owner pleases to set them.

2. The lady placed her watch at the head of the bed, and at the right time she found herself roused by the long, rattling sound.

3. She arose at once, and felt better all day for her early rising. This lasted for some weeks. The alarm-watch faithfully did its duty, and was plainly heard so long as it was obeyed.

4. But, after a time, the lady grew tired of early rising. When she was waked by the noise, she merely turned over in bed, and slept again.

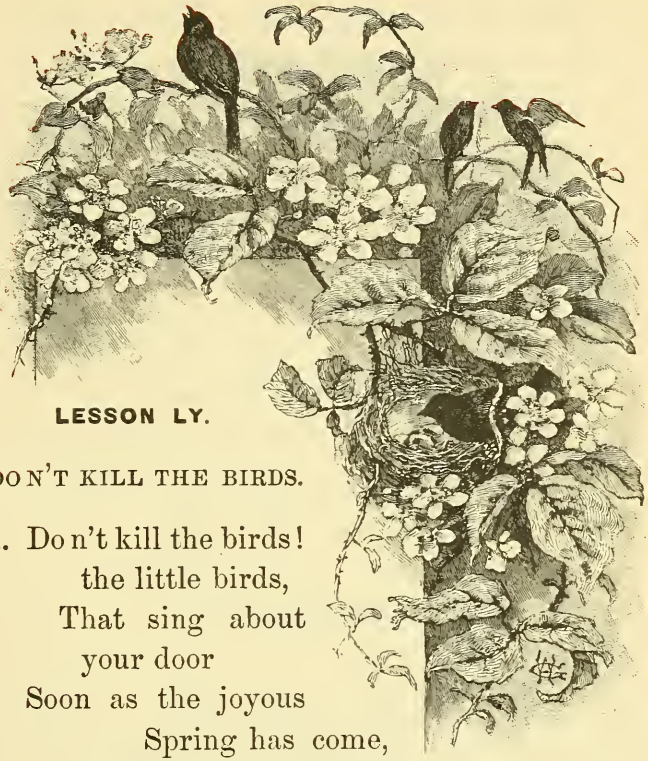
5. In a few days, the watch ceased to rouse her from her sleep. It spoke just as loudly as ever; but she did not hear it, because she had been in the habit of not obeying it.

6. Finding that she might as well be without it, she resolved that when she heard the sound she would jump up.

7. Just so it is with conscience. If we will obey its voice, even in the most trifling things, we can always hear it, clear and strong.

8. But if we allow ourselves to do what we have some fears may not be quite right, we shall grow more and more sleepy, until the voice of conscience has no longer power to wake us.

DEFINITIONS.—1. A lärm′, *a sudden sound calculated to awaken persons from sleep.* Whĭr′ring, *buzzing.* 2. Rouṣed, *waked.* Răt′tling, *giving quick, sharp noises in rapid succession.* 3. Fāith′fụl ly, *in an exact and proper manner.* Dŭ′ty, *the right conduct or action.* 4. Mēre′ly, *simply.* 7. Cŏn′sciençe (kŏn′shens), *that within us which tells what is right and what is wrong, reason.* Trĭ′fling, *of little importance or value.* 8. Al low′, *permit, suffer.*



LESSON LY.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

1. Don't kill the birds!
the little birds,
That sing about
your door
Soon as the joyous
Spring has come,
And chilling storms are o'er.

2. The little birds! how sweet they sing!
Oh, let them joyous live;
And do not seek to take the life
Which you can never give.

3. Don't kill the birds! the pretty birds,
That play among the trees;

For earth would be a cheerless place,
If it were not for these.

4. The little birds! how fond they play!
Do not disturb their sport;
But let them warble forth their songs,
Till winter cuts them short.

5. Don't kill the birds! the happy birds,
That bless the field and grove;
So innocent to look upon,
They claim our warmest love.

6. The happy birds, the tuneful birds,
How pleasant 'tis to see!
No spot can be a cheerless place
Where'er their presence be.

DEFINITIONS.—4. Dis tûrb', *interfere with.* Wạr'ble, *to trill, to carol.* 5. In'no çent, *pure, harmless.* 6. Tūne'fụl, *musical, melodious.* Prĕş'ençe, *state of being at hand, existence.*

LESSON LX.

THE CONTENTED BOY.

Mr. Lenox was one morning riding by himself. He got off from his horse to look at something on the road-side. The horse broke away from him, and ran off. Mr. Lenox ran after him, but soon found that he could not catch him.

A little boy at work in a field near the road, heard the horse. As soon as he saw him running from his master, the boy ran

very quickly to the middle of the road, and, catching the horse by the bridle, stopped him till Mr. Lenox came up.

Mr. Lenox. Thank you, my good boy, you have caught my horse very nicely. What shall I give you for your trouble?

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing? So much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that were feeding on turnips.

Mr. L. Do you like to work?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work. It is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. What is your name?

B. Peter Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. Eight years old, next June.

Mr. L. How long have you been here?

B. Ever since six o'clock this morning.

Mr. L. Are you not hungry?

B. Yes, sir, but I shall go to dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had a dime now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know, sir. I never had so much.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are they?

Mr. L. Such things as nine-pins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir. Tom and I play at foot-ball in winter, and I have a jumping-rope. I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. Do you want nothing else?

B. I have hardly time to play with what I have. I have to drive the cows, and to run of errands, and to ride the horses to the fields, and that is as good as play.

Mr. L. You could get apples and cakes, if you had money, you know.

B. I can have apples at home. As for cake, I do not want that. My mother makes me a pie now and then, which is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one. Here it is. Brother Tom gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes. Don't you want a new pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. I do not mind that, sir.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better one at home.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard when I am in the field, I get under a tree for shelter.

Mr. L. What do you do, if you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there is none?

B. Then I do as well as I can without. I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, I am glad to see that you are so contented. Were you ever at school?

B. No, sir. But father means to send me next winter.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, sir; each boy has a Spelling-book, a Reader, and a Testament.

Mr. L. Then I will give them to you. Tell your father so, and that it is because you are an obliging, contented little boy.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good by, Peter.

B. Good morning, sir.

Dr. John Aiken.

DEFINITIONS.—Rōōt'ing, *pulling up by the roots.* Tĕnd'ing, *watching, attending.* Tûr'nip, *a vegetable.* Wĕath'er, *state of the atmosphere.* Er'rands, *messages.* Ra̤w, *not cooked.* Tĕs'ta-ment, *the last twenty-seven books of the Bible.*

LESSON LXIII.

WE ARE SEVEN.

1. I met a little cottage girl:
   She was eight years old, she said;
   Her hair was thick with many a curl,
   That clustered round her head.

2. She had a rustic, woodland air,
   And she was wildly clad:
   Her eyes were fair, and very fair;—
   Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little maid,
   How many may you be?"
   "How many? Seven in all," she said,
   And, wondering, looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you tell."
   She answered, "Seven are we;
   And two of us at Conway dwell,
   And two are gone to sea.

5. "Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

6. "You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

7. Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

8. "You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

9. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

11. "And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,

Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

13. "So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

15. "How many are you, then?" said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"O master! we are seven."

16. "But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

William Wordsworth.

DEFINITIONS.—1 Clŭs'tered, *hung in bunches.* 2. Rŭs'tie, *country-like.* 10. Kĕr'chĭef, *handkerchief.* 11. Pŏr'rin ġer, *a small dish for soup or porridge.* 12. Re lēased, *freed, relieved.*

LESSON LXV.

MARY DOW.

1. "Come in, little stranger," I said,
As she tapped at my half-open door;
While the blanket, pinned over her head,
Just reached to the basket she bore.

2. A look full of innocence fell
From her modest and pretty blue eye,
As she said, "I have matches to sell,
And hope you are willing to buy.

3. "A penny a bunch is the price,
I think you'll not find it too much;
They are tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light with a touch."

4. I asked, "What's your name, little girl?"
"'Tis Mary," said she, "Mary Dow;"

And carelessly tossed off a curl,
That played on her delicate brow.

5. "My father was lost on the deep;
The ship never got to the shore;
And mother is sad, and will weep,
To hear the wind blow and sea roar.

6. "She sits there at home, without food,
Beside our poor, sick Willy's bed;
She paid all her money for wood,
And so I sell matches for bread.

7. "I 'd go to the yard and get chips,
But then it would make me too sad
To see the men building the ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

8. "But God, I am sure, who can take
Such fatherly care of a bird,
Will never forget nor forsake
The children who trust in his word.

9. "And now, if I only can sell
The matches I brought out to-day,
I think I shall do very well,
And we shall rejoice at the pay."

10. "Fly home, little bird," then I thought,
"Fly home, full of joy, to your nest;"
For I took all the matches she brought,
And Mary may tell you the rest.

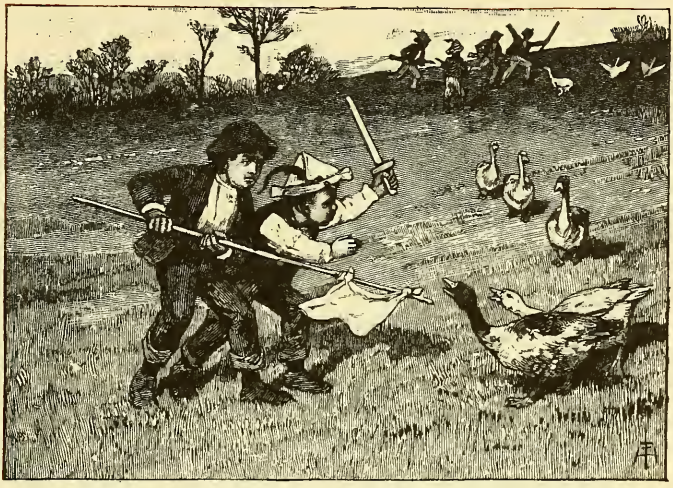
DEFINITIONS.—1. Blăn̲k'et, *a square of loosely woven woolen cloth.* 2. Măch'es̲, *small splints of wood, one end of which has been dipped in a preparation which will take fire by rubbing.* 3. Pĕn'ny, *cent.* 4. Dĕl'i cate, *soft and fair.* 8. For sāke', *leave, reject.*

LESSON LXX.

YOUNG SOLDIERS.

1. Oh, were you ne'er a school-boy,
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?

2. Did you never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle, for the kettle-drum,
Played your march, march away?



3. It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since all our school their muskets took,
To charge the fearful foe.

4. Our muskets were of cedar wood,
With ramrods bright and new;
With bayonets forever set,
And painted barrels, too.

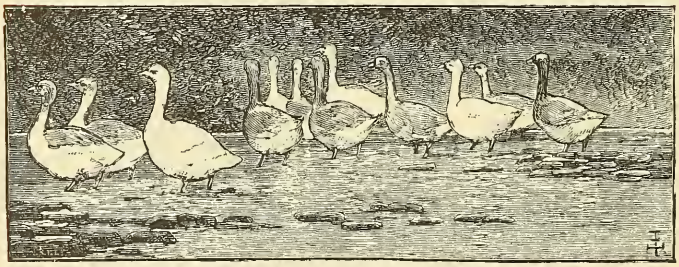
5. We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight—
Except one sturdy gander
That thought to show us fight.

6. But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
Our captain wheeled the van;
We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man!

7. Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore;
And brightly shone his new tin sword;
A paper cap he wore.

8. He led us up the steep hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel plume that decked his head
Streamed bravely out behind.

9. We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged the bayonet;
And woe unto the mullen stalk
That in our course we met!



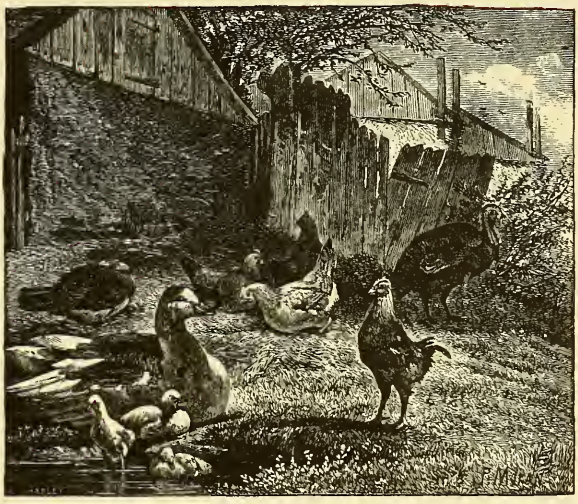
10. At two o'clock the roll we called,
And till the close of day,
With fearless hearts, though tired limbs,
We fought the mimic fray,—
Till the supper-bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Kĕt'tle-drŭm, *a drum made of a copper vessel shaped like a kettle.* 3. Mŭs'ket, *a kind of gun.* 4. Cē'dar, *a very durable kind of wood.* Bāy'o net, *a sharp piece of steel on the end of a gun.* Băr'rel, *the long metal tube forming part of a gun.* 5. Stûr'dy, *stubborn, bold.* 6. Văn, *the front.* Rout'ed, *put to flight.* Scout'ed, *made fun of.* 7. Com mĭs'sion, *a writing to show power.* 8. Cŏck'er el, *a young chicken-cock.* 9. Chärġed, *made an onset.* Mŭl'len, *a tall plant that grows in neglected fields.* 10. Frāy, *fight, contest.*

LESSON LXXII.

THE PERT CHICKEN.

1. There was once a pretty chicken;
   But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
   In the world but what he knew:
So he always, in the farm-yard,
   Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
   What they ought to do and say.
"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
   That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
   It will kill them to get wet."



2. "I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her, one day,
"That you would n't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay.
Wo n't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would all get chilled."
"No, they wo n't," replied the chicken,
And no matter if they do;
Eggs are really good for nothing;
"What 's an egg to me or you?"

3. "What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking,
"Can it be you do not know

You yourself were in an egg-shell
Just one little month ago?
And, if kind wings had not warmed you,
You would not be out to-day,
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys,
What they ought to do and say!

4. "To be very wise, and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But, when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

Marian Douglas.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Färm'-yärd, *the inclosed ground attached to a barn and other farm buildings.* Fôr'ward, *bold, confident.* Tûr'key, *a large domestic fowl.* Gŏs'lings, *young geese.* Păd'dling, *beating the water with the feet, swimming.* 2. Dôr'king, *a species of chicken.*

Fourth Reader

LESSON XVI.

2. Ex-am'ine; *v.* to look at carefully.
5. Sig'ni-fies; *v.* to be important.
22. Prize; *n.* a reward for excellence.
30. Ev-er-last'ing; *adj.* lasting always.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

Utter distinctly each consonant in such words as the following: *parcels, exactly, string, yours, three, excellent, afterward, arrows, marksman, settled, pronounced, rules, trial, prudently.* See Ex. IV, page 15.

1. *Mr. Jones.* Boys, if you have nothing to do, will you unpack these †parcels for me'?

2. The two parcels were †exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord. Ben took his parcel to the table, and began to examine the knot, and then to †untie it.

3. John took the other parcel, and tried first at one corner, and then at the other, to *pull* off the string. But the cord had been too well secured, and he only drew the knots †*tighter*.

4. *John.* I wish these people would not tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be †undone. Why, Ben, how did you get *yours* undone? What is in your parcel? I wonder what is in mine! I wish I could get the string off. I will *cut* it.

5. *Ben.* O no, do not *cut* it, John'! Look, what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same. It is a *pity* to *cut* it.

6. *John.* Pooh! what signifies a bit of †packthread?

7. *Ben.* It is †whip-cord.

8. *John.* Well, *whip-cord* then! what signifies a bit of whip-cord? You can get a piece of whip-cord twice as long as that for three cents; and who cares for three cents? Not I, for one. So, here it goes.

9. So he took out his knife, and cut it in several places.

10. *Mr. Jones.* Well, my boys, have you undone the parcels for me?

11. *John.* Yes, sir; here is the parcel.

12. *Ben.* And here is my parcel, father, and here is also the string.

13. *Mr. Jones.* You may *keep* the string, Ben.

14. *Ben.* Thank you, sir. What †excellent whip-cord it is!

15. *Mr. Jones.* And you, John, may keep your string, too, if it will be of any use to you.

16. *John.* It will be of *no* use to me, thank you, sir.

17. *Mr. Jones.* No, I am afraid not, if *this* is it.

18. A few weeks after this, Mr. Jones gave each of his sons a new top.

19. *John.* How is this, Ben? These tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?

20. *Ben.* I have a string that will do very well for *mine.* And he pulled it out of his pocket.

21. *John.* Why, if that is not the whip-cord! I wish I had saved *mine.*

22. A few days afterward, there was a †shooting-match, with bows and †arrows, among the lads. The prize was a fine bow and arrows, to be given to the best †marksman. "Come, come," said Master Sharp, "I am within one inch of the mark. I should like to see who will go nearer."

23. John drew his bow, and shot. The arrow struck within a quarter of an inch of Master Sharp's. "Shoot away," said Sharp; "but you must understand

the rules. We settled them before you came. You are to have three shots with your own arrows. Nobody is to †borrow or lend. So shoot away."

24. John †seized his second arrow; "If I have any luck," said he; —but just as he †pronounced the word "*luck*," the string broke, and the arrow fell from his hands.

25. *Master Sharp.* There! It is all over with you.

26. *Ben.* Here is my bow for him, and welcome.

27. *Master Sharp.* No, no, sir; that is not fair. Did you not hear the rules? There is to be no lending.

28. It was now Ben's turn to make his †trial. His first arrow missed the mark; the *second* was exactly as near as John's *first.* Before †venturing the last arrow, Ben very prudently examined the string of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its strength, it *snapped.*

29. Master Sharp clapped his hands and danced for joy. But his dancing suddenly ceased, when careful Ben drew out of his pocket an excellent piece of cord, and began to tie it to the bow.

30. "The everlasting whip-cord, I declare!" cried John. "Yes," said Ben; "I put it in my pocket today, because I thought I might want it."

31. Ben's last arrow won the prize; and when the bow and arrows were handed to him, John said, "How †valuable that whip-cord has been to you, Ben. I'll take care how I waste any thing, hereafter."

EXERCISES.—What is this lesson designed to teach? Which of the boys preserved his whip-cord? What good did it do him? What did the other boy do with his? What was the consequence? What did he learn from it?

In the thirtieth paragraph, what two *nouns* are there? In what number are they both? What is number? See Pinneo's Primary Grammar, page 45, Art. 77.

II. TRY, TRY AGAIN.

1. 'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear;
Try, try again.

2. Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again.

3. If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;

Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Coŭr'age, *resolution.* Cŏn'quer, *gain the victory.* 2. Pre-vāil', *overcome.* Dis-grāçe', *shame.* Wĭn, *gain, obtain.* 3. Re-ward', *any thing given in return for good or bad conduct.* Pā'-tiençe, *constancy in labor.*

EXERCISES.—What does the mark before "'Tis" mean? What is it called? What point is used after the word "case" in the second verse? Why?

LESSON XXXIII.

4. Case'ment; *n.* the outside part of a window.

6. Chrys'a-lis; *n.* that from which the butterfly comes

WHAT IS DEATH?

Pronounce correctly and distinctly. Do not say *laughin* for laugh-in*g*; *casemunt* for case-ment; *chryslis* for chrys-*a*-lis; *somethin* for some-thin*g*; *wonderin* for won-der-in*g*; *dyin* for dy-in*g*.

Child. 1. Mother, how still the baby lies!
I can not hear his breath;
I can not see his laughing eyes;
They tell me this is death.

2. My little work I thought to bring,
And sit down by his bed,
And †pleasantly I tried to sing;
They †hushed me: he is dead!

3. They say that he again will rise,
More †beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies;
O mother, tell me how!

Mother. 4. †Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here?
A †withered worm, you thought.

5. I told you, that †Almighty power
Could break that withered shell;
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

6. Look at that chrysalis, my love;
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your †wondering glance above,
To where yon †insect flies!

Child. 7. O yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

8. O mother! now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken †cell,
On golden wings to range;

9. How beautiful will brother be
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with †heavenly things!

---

10. Our life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past:
Youth is the morning, bright and gay,
And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
We meet old age without dismay,
And death is sweet at last.

EXERCISES.—What is this piece of poetry about? What was this little girl going to do? What did her mother tell her? Will little children be raised from the dead? From what book do we learn this?

ARTICULATION.

Cht.	Br^{1}oachd,	scr^{1}eechd,	p^{1}oachd,	c^{1}oachd,	p^{1}eachd.
Sht.	Pl^{2}ashd,	sl^{2}ashd,	cl^{2}ashd,	f^{2}ishd,	fl^{2}eshd.
Shr.	Shroud,	shr^{2}ink,	shr^{2}unk,	shrewd,	shr^{2}ivel.

VII. LAZY NED.

1. "'T is royal fun," cried lazy Ned,
"To coast upon my fine, new sled,
And beat the other boys;
But then, I can not bear to climb
The tiresome hill, for every time
It more and more annoys."

2. So, while his school-mates glided by,
And gladly tugged up hill, to try
Another merry race,
Too indolent to share their plays,
Ned was compelled to stand and gaze,
While shivering in his place.

3. Thus, he would never take the pains
To seek the prize that labor gains,
Until the time had passed;
For, all his life, he dreaded still
The silly bugbear of *up hill*,
And died a dunce at last.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Roy′al, *excellent, noble.* Cōast, *to slide.* Annoyş′, *troubles.* 2. In′do-lent, *lazy.* 3. Prīze, *a reward.* Bŭg′-beâr, *something frightful.* Dŭnçe, *a silly fellow.*

EXERCISES.—What did Ned like? What did he not like?

IX. MEDDLESOME MATTY.

1. Oh, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best!
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One grievous fault possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

2. Sometimes, she'd lift the tea-pot lid
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

3. Her grandmamma went out one day,
And, by mistake, she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay,
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

4. Forthwith, she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied.
"Oh, what a pretty box is this!
I'll open it," said little miss.

5. "I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear;'
But then she's far enough away,
And no one else is near;

Beside, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

6. So, thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid;
And, presently, a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woeful case!
The snuff came puffing in her face.

7. Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin
A dismal sight presented;
And as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented:
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze.

8. She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes;
And, as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday! and what's the matter now?"
Cried grandmamma, with angry brow.

9. Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore;
And 't is a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Qual'i ties, *traits of character.* 2. Měd'-dling, *interfering without right.* 4. Fōrth-wĭth', *at once.* Spīed, *saw.* 5. A-mĭss', *wrong, faulty.* 6. Wō'fụl, *sad, sorrowful.* 8. Tĭn'gling, *smarting.* 9. Re-frāin', *to keep from.*

EXERCISES.—What did Matilda do? How was she punished? What effect did it have on her?

LESSON VII.

1. Mur'mur-ing; *adj.* making a low noise.
2. Pros'pect; *n.* view.
4. Gam'bol-ed; *v.* frolicked.
4. Loi'ter; *v.* to idle; to linger.
9. Cher'ish-ed; *v.* kept tenderly.
11. To'ken; *n.* something by which to remember one.
11. Fra'grant; *adj.* odorous.

A LITTLE GIRL TO THE RIVER.

Remark.—Avoid what is called a *tone* in reading poetry. Do not sing it, but emphasize it like prose.

Sound the *r* distinctly in the following words: *river*, *through*, *green*, *your*, *first*, *from*, *silver*, *ran*, *loiter*, *flowers*, *hear*, *sure*, *here*, *bear*, *her*, *ever*, *brother*. See Ex. on R, page 27.

1. Gentle river, gentle river,
Tell us whither do you glide,
Through the green and sunny †meadows,
With your sweetly-murmuring tide!

2. You, for many a mile, must wander,
Many a lovely prospect see;
Gentle river, gentle river,
O, how happy you must be!

4th Rd. 4.

3. Tell us, if you can remember,
Where your happy life began;
When, at first, from some high mountain,
Like a silver thread you ran.

4. When a playful brook, you gamboled,
And the sunshine o'er you smiled,
On your banks did children loiter,
Looking for the spring flowers wild?

5. Gentle river, gentle river,
Do you hear a word we say?
I am sure you ought to love us,
For we come here every day.

6. O, I pray you, wait a moment,
And a †message bear from me
To a darling little cousin,
We should dearly love to see.

7. She 's a pretty, playful †creature,
Light of heart, and †footsteps, too:
I am sure you must have seen her,
For she often speaks of you.

8. O, do tell her, gentle river,
That we think of her each day;
That we have not †ceased to miss her,
Ever since she went away.

9. Say to her that brother Willie,
Who is sitting by my side,
That sweet rose she gave at parting,
Cherished fondly till it died.

10. Tell her, too, that mother wishes
She could hear her voice once more;
See her eyes, as bright as sunshine,
Peeping at the †parlor door.

11. Say we will a token send her,
Which upon thy waves we 'll fling;
Flowers from out our little gardens,
Fragrant with the breath of spring.

12. Gentle river, gentle river,
Though you stop not to reply,
Yet you seem to smile upon us,
As you quickly pass us by.

13. Soon the stars will rise above you,
Shining all the †livelong night;
Yet you ask not rest nor slumber,
Singing still with free delight.

14. Year by year, the same sweet story
You to other ears will tell;
Now we leave you, yet we love you;
Gentle river, fare you well!

EXERCISES.—Who is speaking in this lesson? Why does the little girl think the river is happy? What does she ask it to tell her? Why does she think that the river ought to love her? What message to her cousin does she send by the river?

What four nouns in the last verse? What is a noun? Why so called? [See Pinneo's Primary Grammar, pages 9 and 10.]

TO TEACHERS.—Questions upon grammatical construction may be occasionally introduced, with great benefit to the learner. Like all collateral exercises, they serve to vary the duties and increase the interest of the pupil, while, at the same time, they afford valuable practice. PINNEO'S PRIMARY GRAMMAR, to which reference is made, has been prepared expressly for that class of pupils to which this Reader is adapted.

ARTICULATION.

Gr.	Green[1],	grow[1],	grace[1],	great[1],	greedy[1],	gravity[2].
Gl.	Glade[1],	glide[1],	glebe[1],	glad[2],	glum[2],	glim[2].
	Bugl[1],	eagl[1],	ogl[1],	gargl[3],	smuggl[2],	struggl[2].

LESSON XVII.

3. In-cred′i-ble; *adj.* that can not be believed.
7. Cha-grin′; *n.* (*pro.* shagrin′) ill-humor.
3. Lei′sure-ly; *adv.* slowly.
8. Plod′ding; *adj.* industrious, but slow.
8. Con′fi-dent; *adj.* positive.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.—A FABLE.

Sound the *h distinctly.* Do not say *are* for *h*are; *wat* for w*h*at; *wile* for w*h*ile; *alf* for *h*alf; *ope* for *h*ope; *ere* for *h*ere; *beind* for be-*h*ind; *ear* for *h*ear; *ave* for *h*ave; *er* for *h*er. See Ex on H, pages 26 and 27.

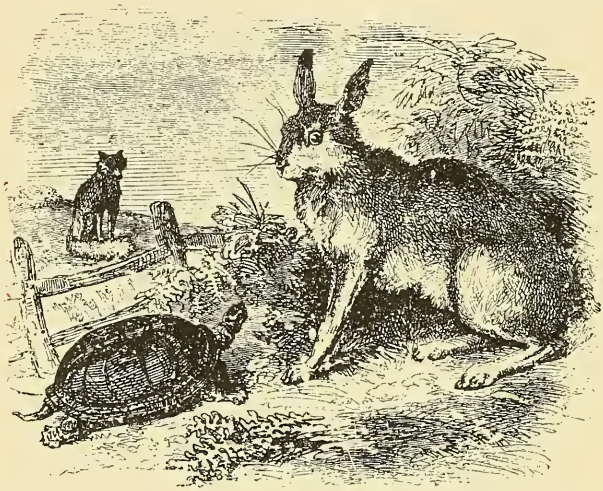
1 Said a hare to a †tortoise, "Good sir, what a while
You have been, only †crossing the way;
Why, I really believe, that to go half a mile,
You must travel two nights and a day."

2 "I am very contented," the †creature replied,
"Though I walk but a tortoise's pace;
But if you think proper, the point to †decide,
We will run half a mile in a race."

3 "Very good," said the hare; said the tortoise, "Proceed,
And the fox shall decide who has won."
Then the hare started off with incredible speed,
But the tortoise walked leisurely on.

"Come, tortoise, friend tortoise, walk on," said the hare,
"While I shall stay here for my dinner;
Why, 't will take you a month, at that rate, to get there;
Then, how can you hope to be †winner?

5. But the tortoise could hear not a word that she said,
For he was far distant behind;
So the hare felt †secure, while at †leisure she fed,
And took a sound nap when she 'd dined.



6. But at last, this slow walker came up with the hare,
And there fast asleep did he spy her;
And he cunningly crept with such †caution and care,
That she woke not, although he passed by her.

7. "Well, now," thought the hare, when she opened her eyes,
"For the race; and I soon shall have done it;"
But who can describe her chagrin and †surprise,
When she found that the *tortoise* had won it!

4th Rd. 6.

MORAL.

8. Thus, plain, plodding people, we often shall find,
Will leave †hasty, confident people behind:
Like the tortoise and hare, though together they start,
We soon clearly see they are widely apart.

9. While one trusts the gifts Dame Nature bestows,
And relying on these, calmly stops for repose,
The other holds slowly and surely his way,
And thus wins the race, ere the close of the day.

EXERCISES.—What is a hare? What is a tortoise? What did the hare say to the tortoise? What did the tortoise propose? What was the result of the race? How came the tortoise to win it? What is the MORAL of this fable?

ARTICULATION.

THE TEACHER will remember, that in uttering separately the *sounds* which compose a word, the *silent* letters must be omitted, as the *e* in prud*e*, the *u* and *e* in applau*se*, &c. Such letters are sometimes left out, that the word may be better adapted for practice in articulation, as the *e* in stapl*e*, steepl*e*, &c., in this Exercise.

Pr.	Pry,	prude,	print,	approve,	apprise	express.
Pl.	Plum,	plat,	plank,	apply,	applause,	explode.
	Stapl,	steepl,	scrupl,	rippl,	tippl,	suppl.

For the purpose of acquiring distinctness and precision in articulation, sentences like the following should be repeatedly read, but with great care; first, slowly, and then, more rapidly, always giving a full, clear, and distinct articulation to the initial and final consonants of each word:

The *hosts* still stand in *strangest* plight. That la*st* *st*ill night. That la*sts* *t*ill night. *On* either side *an* ocean exist*s*. *On* neither side *a* notion exist*s*. He thru*sts* his fi*sts* against the po*sts*, and still insi*sts* he sees the gho*sts*.

XII. WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY.

1. Henry Bond was about ten years old when his father died. His mother found it difficult to provide for the support of a large family, thus left entirely in her care. By good management, however, she contrived to do so, and also to send Henry, the oldest, to school, and to supply him, for the most part, with such books as he needed.

2. At one time, however, Henry wanted a grammar, in order to join a class in that study, and his mother could not furnish him with the money to buy it. He was very much troubled about it, and went to bed with a heavy heart, thinking what could be done.

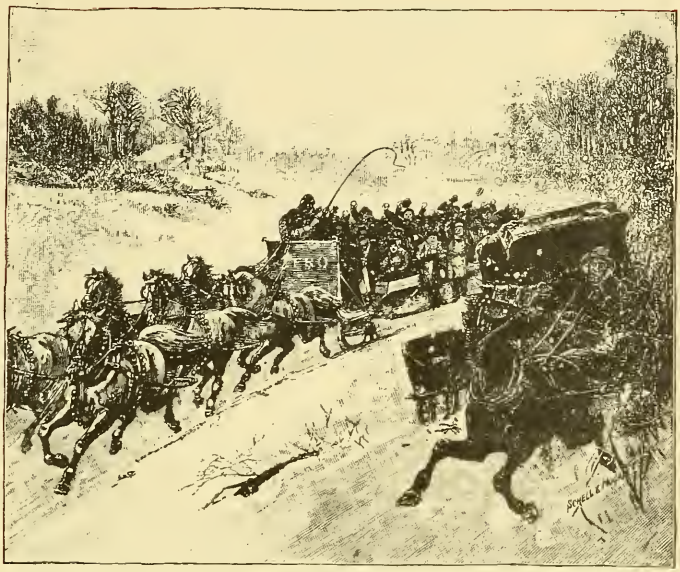
3. On waking in the morning, he found that a deep snow had fallen, and the cold wind was blowing furiously. "Ah," said he, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

4. He rose, ran to the house of a neighbor, and offered his service to clear a path around his premises. The offer was accepted. Having completed this work, and received his pay, he went to another place for the same purpose, and then to another, until he had earned enough to buy a grammar.

5. When school commenced, Henry was in his seat, the happiest boy there, ready to begin the lesson in his new book.

6. From that time, Henry was always the first in all his classes. He knew no such word as fail, but always succeeded in all he attempted. Having the will, he always found the way.

Definitions.—1. Măn′ȧge-ment, *manner of directing things.* 2. Fûr′nish, *to supply.* 3. Fū′ri-oŭs-ly, *violently.* 4. Sẽrv′ĭçe, *labor.* Prĕm′i-seṣ, *grounds around a house.*



XIX. TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

By Henry K. Oliver.

1. In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years ago, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large one, drawn by six gray horses.

2. On the following day, as the teacher entered the school-room, he found his pupils in high glee, as they chattered about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries, one of the lads gave him an account of their trip and its various incidents.

3. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one thing I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead

of us a queer looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

4. "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

5. "As we passed, some one gave the horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant.

6. "With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded wagon, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

7. "Well, boys," replied the teacher, "take your seats, and I will tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the rest of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the following spring he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

8. "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly; for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. He was suddenly disturbed by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

9. "In his alarm he dropped his reins, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road!' 'What will you take for your pony?' 'What's the price of oats, old man?' were the various cries that met his ears.

10. "'Pray, do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys.

11. "The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the great danger of his life. He contrived, however, to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded wagon. A short distance brought him to the house of his son. That son, boys, is your instructor, and that 'old fellow,' was your teacher's father!"

12. When the boys perceived how rude and unkind their conduct appeared from another point of view, they were very much ashamed of their thoughtlessness, and most of them had the manliness to apologize to their teacher for what they had done.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Pŏp′ū-loŭs, *full of inhabitants.* 2. Ex-eûr′-sion, *a pleasure trip.* In′çi-dents, *things that happen, events.* 5. Wạr′rant, *to declare with assurance.* 6. Cap-sīzed′, *upset.* 7. Vĕn′-er-a-ble, *deserving of honor and respect.* 8. Blŭnt′ed, *dulled.*

EXERCISES.—Repeat the boys' story of the sleigh-ride. The teacher's story. Were the boys ill-natured or only thoughtless? Is thoughtlessness any excuse for rudeness or unkindness?

XX. FREAKS OF THE FROST.

By **Hannah Flagg Gould**, who was born at Lancaster, Vermont, in 1789. She has had published several volumes of poems (one for children) and one collection of prose articles, entitled "Gathered Leaves."

1. The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on, like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

2. Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

3. He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Blŭs'ter-ing, *being noisy and loud.* Bŭs'tle, *stir.* 2. Crĕst, *the top.* Quĭv'er-ing, *trembling, shaking.* Mär'-ĝin, *edge, border.* 3. Bĕv'ieş, *flocks.* Pĭet'ūred, *painted.* Sheen, *brightness, splendor of appearance.*

EXERCISES.—What did the frost say? What did he do to the mountain? The trees? The lake? What is a "coat of mail"? What did he do to the window? The pitcher?

XXVII. HARRY AND HIS DOG.

1. "BEG, Frisk, beg," said little Harry, as he sat on an inverted basket, at his grandmother's door, eating, with great satisfaction, a porringer of bread and milk. His little sister Annie, who had already dispatched her breakfast, sat on the ground opposite to him, now twisting her flowers into garlands, and now throwing them away.

2. "Beg, Frisk, beg!" repeated Harry, holding a bit of bread just out of the dog's reach; and the obedient Frisk squatted himself on his hind legs, and held up his fore paws, waiting for master Harry to give him the tempting morsel.

3. The little boy and the little dog were great friends. Frisk loved him dearly, much better than he did any one else; perhaps, because he recollected that Harry was his earliest and firmest friend during a time of great trouble.

4. Poor Frisk had come as a stray dog to Milton, the place where Harry lived. If he could have told his own story, it would probably have been a very pitiful one, of kicks and cuffs, of hunger and foul weather.

5. Certain it is, he made his appearance at the very door where Harry was now sitting, in miserable plight, wet, dirty, and half-starved; and that there he met Harry, who took a fancy to him, and Harry's grandmother, who drove him off with a broom.

6. Harry, at length, obtained permission for the little dog to remain as a sort of outdoor pensioner, and fed him with stray bones and cold potatoes, and such things as he could get for him. He also provided him with a little basket to sleep in, the very same which, turned up, afterward served Harry for a seat.

7. After a while, having proved his good qualities by barking away a set of pilferers, who were making an attack on the great pear-tree, he was admitted into the house, and became one of its most vigilant and valued inmates. He could fetch or carry either by land or water; would pick up a thimble or a ball of cotton, if little Annie should happen to drop them; or take Harry's dinner to school for him with perfect honesty.

8. "Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Harry, and gave him, after long waiting, the expected morsel. Frisk was satisfied, but Harry was not. The little boy, though a good-humored fellow in the main, had turns of naughtiness, which were apt to last him all day, and this promised to prove one of his worst. It was a holiday, and in the afternoon his cousins, Jane and William, were to come and see him and Annie; and

the pears were to be gathered, and the children were to have a treat.

9. Harry, in his impatience, thought the morning would never be over. He played such pranks—buffeting Frisk, cutting the curls off of Annie's doll, and finally breaking his grandmother's spectacles—that before his visitors arrived, indeed, almost immediately after dinner, he contrived to be sent to bed in disgrace.

10. Poor Harry! there he lay, rolling and kicking, while Jane, and William, and Annie were busy about the fine, mellow Windsor pears. William was up in the tree, gathering and shaking; Annie and Jane catching them in their aprons, and picking them up from the ground; now piling them in baskets, and now eating the nicest and ripest; while Frisk was barking gayly among them, as if he were catching Windsor pears, too!

11. Poor Harry! He could hear all this glee and merriment through the open window, as he lay in

bed. The storm of passion having subsided, there he lay weeping and disconsolate, a grievous sob bursting forth every now and then, as he heard the loud peals of childish laughter, and as he thought how he should have laughed, and how happy he should have been, had he not forfeited all this pleasure by his own bad conduct.

12. He wondered if Annie would not be so good-natured as to bring him a pear. All on a sudden, he heard a little foot on the stair, pitapat, and he thought she was coming. Pitapat came the foot, nearer and nearer, and at last a small head peeped, half-afraid, through the half-open door.

13. But it was not Annie's head; it was Frisk's—poor Frisk, whom Harry had been teasing and tormenting all the morning, and who came into the room wagging his tail, with a great pear in his mouth; and, jumping upon the bed, he laid it in the little boy's hand.

14. Is not Frisk a fine, grateful fellow? and does he not deserve a share of Harry's breakfast, whether he begs for it or not? And little Harry will remember from the events of this day that kindness, even though shown to a dog, will always be rewarded; and that ill-nature and bad-temper are connected with nothing but pain and disgrace.

DEFINITIONS.—1. In-vĕrt′ed, *turned upside down.* Pŏr′rin-ġer, *a small metallic dish.* 3. Rĕe-ol-lĕct′ed, *brought back to mind.* 5. Plīght, *condition.* 6. Pĕn′sion-er, *one who is supported by others.* 7. Pĭl′fer-erş, *those who steal little things.* Vĭġ′i-lant, *watchful.* In′mātes, *those living in the same house.* 8. Hŏl′i-dāy, *a day of amusement.* 9. Bŭf′fet-ing, *striking with the hand.* 11. Sub-sīd′ed, *become quiet.* Fôr′feit-ed, *lost.* 14. Con-neet′ed, *united, have a close relation.*

XXXII. CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

1. *Derby.* Good morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and shall be extremely obliged if you will lend me your gray mare.

2. *Scrapewell.* It would give me great pleasure to oblige you, friend Derby; but I am under the necessity of going to the mill this very morning, with a bag of corn. My wife wants the meal to-day, and you know what a time there'll be if I disappoint her.

3. *D.* Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

4. *S.* You don't say so! That is bad, indeed; for in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me if I should neglect it.

5. *D.* I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

6. *S.* Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal would never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is.

7. *D.* If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me it was the best you ever had.

8. *S.* Yes, yes! that's true, indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you the mare this morning refused to eat hay; and, truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

9. *D.* Oh, never fear! I will feed her well with oats on the road.

10. *S.* Oats! neighbor; oats are very dear.

11. *D.* Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

12. *S.* But it is very slippery; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

13. *D.* Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

14. *S.* Well, then, to tell you the plain truth,

though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

15. *D.* Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

16. *S.* Ah! that may be; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare. She's very notional.

17. *D.* Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

18. *S.* Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours.

19. *D.* At the worst, then, I will go to my good friend, Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

20. *S.* You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you the beast should be at your service, with all my heart; but she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

21. *D.* Oh, a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall attend to it at once.

22. *S.* Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

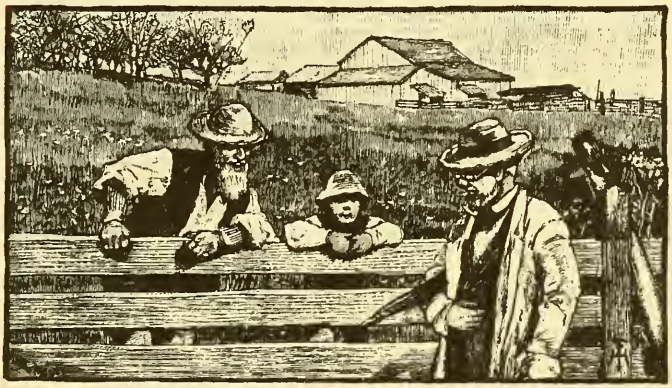
23. *D.* Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

24. *S.* What, that tinker, Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper shall shoe my mare.

25. *D.* As good luck will have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

26. *S.* [*Calling to his son.*] Tim, Tim! here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was

rubbed off her back, last week, a hand's breadth or more. [*Gives Tim a wink.*] However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors; indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed to oblige you. I would not have refused you



the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you to refuse me in turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness whenever it is possible. Come, Tim, what do you say?

27. *Tim.* What do I say, father? Why, sir, I say that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a hand's breadth, did you say? Why, sir, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat! And, besides, I have promised her, so

soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to market.

28. *S.* Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters are thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

29. *D.* And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for to tell you the truth I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me if I will be in town to-day he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber, which he is about cutting down, on the side of the hill; and I had intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

30. *S.* Fifty dollars, did you say?

31. *D.* Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

32. *S.* Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare: neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend any thing he asks for.

33. *D.* But what are you to do for meal?

34. *S.* My wife can do without it for a week if you want the mare so long.

35. *D.* But, then, your saddle is all in pieces.

36. *S.* I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

37. *D.* And shall I call at Thumper's and get the mare shod?

38. *S.* No, no; I had forgotten to tell you that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her, last week, by way

of trial; and, to do him justice, he shoes extremely well.

39. *D.* But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

40. *S.* Poh, poh! That is just one of Tim's large stories. I do assure you it was not, at first, bigger than my thumb-nail, and I am certain it has not grown any since.

41. *D.* At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

42. *S.* She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Ex-trēme'ly, *very much.* 6. Whĭm'si-cal, *full of whims.* 20. Cŭr'ried, *cleaned.* Fōre'tŏp, *hair on the forepart of the head.* 24. Bŭn'gler, *a clumsy workman.* 26. Dis-pōsed', *inclined to.* Băck'ward, *slow, unwilling.* 27. Cā'pa-ble, *possessing ability.* Per-fôrm'ing, *accomplishing.* 29. Re-fūs'al, *choice of taking.* 42. Crăm̆med, *stuffed.*

LV. SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

1. Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day;

2. Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

3. Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

4. Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now;
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

5. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take;
They were somebody's pride, you know;

6. Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

7. God knows best! he was somebody's love:
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.

8. Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

9. Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.

10. Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bāy′o-net, *a short, pointed iron weapon, fitted to the muzzle of a gun.* Där′ling, *one dearly loved.* 2. Lĭn̲′ger-ing, *protracted.* 3. Măt′ted, *twisted together.* Dĕl′i-cate, *soft and fair.* Mōld, *shape.* 4. Wan̲′der-ing, *straying.* 7. En-shrīned′, *cherished.* Wăft′ed, *caused to float.* 9. Yẽarn′ing, *being eager, longing.* 10. Tĕn′der-ly, *gently, kindly.*

LVI. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

1. "WHAT an excellent thing is knowledge," said a sharp-looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he. "My boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read

all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Every body knows something of every thing now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

2. "Why, sir," replied the old man, looking grave, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad, as well as a good thing." "That is what I can not understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

3. "I will tell you," meekly replied the old man; and thus he went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider." "I see!" said the little man.

4. "When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps every thing before it and destroys the produce of the fields." "I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

5. "When the ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists enables her sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries the further will she go out of her course." "I see!" said the little man, "I see clearly!"

6. "Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the

knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse." "I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Bŭs'tling, *very active, stirring.* Sŭb'jeet, *the thing treated of.* 3. Meek'ly, *mildly, quietly, gently.* Re-strāint', *any thing which hinders.* Bûr'dens, *loads.* 4. Con-dŭct'ed, *led, guided.* Trĕnch'es, *ditches.* Fēr'tile, *producing much fruit, rich.* Prŏd'ūçe, *that which is yielded or produced.* 5. Steered', *guided, directed.* Hoists, *raises.* 6. Ap-plīed', *directed, made use of.*

EXERCISES.—What is the subject of this lesson? Is knowledge always a power? Is it always a blessing? Relate the several examples of power wrongly used. If we use the powers that God has given us for bad purposes, what will our knowledge prove to be?

LESSON XXXVI.

4. STAT'URE; *n.* the size of any one.
8. LEV'EL-ED; *v.* threw down.
8. STREW'ED; *v.* (*pro.* strued or strode), scattered.
10. AB-HOR'; *v.* to dislike much.

THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

REMARK.—Remember that in reading poetry, there is always danger of forgetting the sense in the rhyme, and therefore of reading, not as if you were expressing some thought or feeling to another mind, but as if you were chanting something to please the ear.

UTTER each sound distinctly. Do not say *hunred* for hundred; *hans* for hands; *chile* for child; *wy* for why.

1. †ALEXANDER lived many hundred years ago. He was king of Macedon, one of the states of Greece. His life was spent in war. He first conquered the other Grecian states, and then Persia, and India, and other †countries one by one, till the whole known world was conquered by him.

2. It is said that he wept, because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. He died, at the age of thirty-three, from drinking too much wine. In †consequence of his great success in war, he was called, "Alexander the *Great.*"

3. *Son.* How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliah, tall?
His spear a hundred weight?

Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?

4. *Fath.* O no, my child: about as large
As I or uncle James.
'T was not his *stature* made him great,
But greatness of his *name.*

5. *Son.* His *name* so great? I know 't is *long,*
But easy quite to spell;
And more than half a year ago,
I knew it very well.

6. *Fath.* I mean, my child, his †*actions* were
So great, he got a name,
That every body speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

7. *Son.* Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know it all.

8 *Fath.* Why, he it was that †conquered Tyre,
And leveled down her wall,
And thousands of her people slew;
And then to Persia went,
And fire and sword, on every side,
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered †cities shone
With midnight burnings red;
And strewed o'er many a battle ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.

9. *Son.* Did *killing people* make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor, training-day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call him great.

10. *Fath.* Why, no, 't was not in war;
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

11. *Son.* Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more;
I should be GREAT, and not get hung,
Like Abdel Young, before.

12. *Fath.* Not so, my child, 't will never do:
The Gospel bids be kind.

13. *Son.* Then they that *kill* and they that *praise*,
The Gospel do not mind.

14. *Fath.* You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you.

15. *Son.* But, Pa´, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come,
And burn his house, and kill him, too,
And do as he had done´?
And every body calls him GREAT,
For killing people so`!
Well, now, what *right* he had to kill,
I should be glad to know`.
If one should burn the †buildings here,
And kill the folks within´,
Would any body call him great´,
For such a wicked thing´?

EXERCISES.—What was the child's inquiry about Alexander? Who was Alexander? What did he do? How did he die? In what respect was he different from a common murderer?

Which are the emphatic words in this lesson? What words in the last paragraph have the rising inflection? What the falling?

LESSON LV.

2. Dis-charg'ing; *v.* performing.
4. Un-con'scious; *adj.* not knowing.
4. Re-pos'ed; *v.* put; placed.
10. Chief'tain; *n.* the chief.
11. Boom'ing; *adj.* roaring.
13. Wreath'ing; *adj.* curling.
15. Pen'non; *n.* a small flag.

CASABIANCA.

Utter distinctly each consonant: *terrible, thunders, brave, distant, progress, trust, mangled, burning, bright.* See Exercise IV. page 15.

1. There was a little boy, about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father was the †commander of a ship-of-war. The little boy went with his father to the seas. His ship was once in a †terrible battle off the mouth of the Nile.

2. In the midst of the thunders of the battle, while the shot were flying thickly around, and flooding the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his father, †faithfully discharging the duties which were †assigned to him.

3. At last his father placed him in a certain part of the ship, to perform some †service, and told him to remain at his post till he should call him away. As the father went to some distant part of the ship, to notice the †progress of the battle, a ball from the †enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck.

4. But the son, unconscious of his father's death, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders. The battle raged †dreadfully around him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet. The ship took fire, and the †threatening flames drew nearer and nearer.

5. Still, this noble-hearted boy would not †disobey his father. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and †*obedient*. The sailors began to desert the burning and sinking ship, and the boy cried out, "Father, may I go?"

6. But no voice of †permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father; and the boy, not knowing that he was dead, would rather die than disobey. And there that boy stood, at his post, till every man had deserted the ship; he stood and perished in the flames. His death has been described in the following beautiful lines.

7. The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled,
The flame that lit the battle's †wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

8. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

9. The flames rolled on; he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

10. He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

11. "Speak, father," once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone;
And"—but the booming shot replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

12. Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave, despair;

13. And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

14. They †wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like †banners in the sky

15. Then came a burst of thunder-sound:
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With †fragments †strewed the sea.

16. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part:
But the noblest thing that †perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

EXERCISES.—What is this story about? Who was Casabianca? By whose side did he stand in the midst of battle? What happened to his father? What took fire? What did the sailors begin to do? What did the little boy do? Why did he stand there amid so much danger? What became of him?

ARTICULATION.

Nz,	nst.	Opens,	openst:	sickens,	sickenst.
Nt,	nts.	Rant,	rants:	plant	plants.
Nch,	ncht.	Clinch,	clinchd:	quench,	quenchd.

LXII. WHICH?

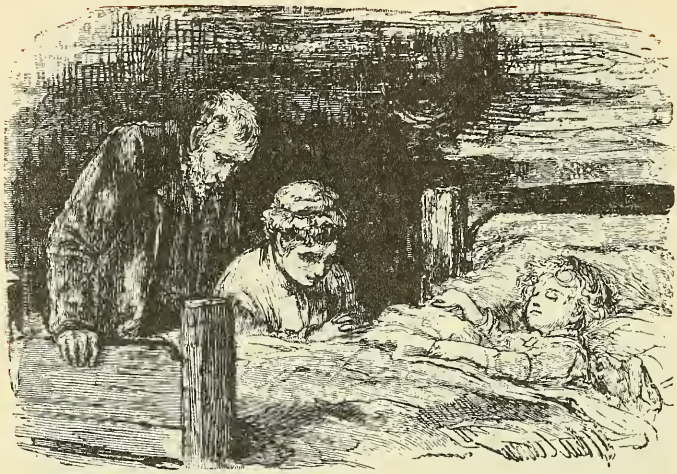
By Mrs. E. L. Beers.

1. Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John—John looked at me;
Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak:
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is his letter:"

2. "'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne

Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

3. "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle light we stepped,
Where Lilian the baby slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.



Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her!"

4. We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

5. Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace:
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

6. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

7. Then stole we softly up above
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

8. Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I can not, will not let him go."

9. And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away.
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven!

DEFINITIONS.—2. Aye, *always.* 3. Sur-veyed′, *took a view of.* 5. Crown, *an English silver coin worth about* $1.20. 6. Wāy′-ward, *willful.* Tûr′bu-lent, *disposed to disorder.* 9. Coûrt′e-oŭs, *polite.* Ac-cŭs′tomed, *usual.*

LXIX. THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the greatest of American poets. He was born in Portland, Me., in 1807. For some years he held the professorship of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, and later a similar professorship in Harvard College. He died March 24th, 1882.

1. It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

2. Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

3. The skipper, he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

4. Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane.

5. "Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

6. Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

7. Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

8. "Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

9. He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast:
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

10. "O father! I hear the church bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

11. "O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that can not live
In such an angry sea!"

12. "O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

13. Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

14. Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the lake of Galilee.

15. And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

16. And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land:
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

17. The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

18. She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

19. Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

20. At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

21. The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

22. Such was the wreck of the Hesperus
In the midnight and the snow:
Heav'n save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

DEFINITIONS.—1. Skĭp'per, *the master of a small merchant vessel.* 3. Veer'ing, *changing.* Flȧw, *a sudden gust of wind.* 4. Pōrt, *harbor.* 6. Brīne, *the sea.* 7. A-māin', *with sudden force.* 8. Wĕath'er, *to endure, to resist.* 9. Spär, *a long beam.* 13. Hĕlm, *the instrument by which a ship is steered.* 18. Cärd'ed, *cleaned by combing.* 19. Shrouds, *sets of ropes reaching from the mast-heads to the sides of a vessel to support the masts.* Stōve, *broke in.*

NOTES.—This piece is written in the style of the old English ballads. The syllables marked (') have a peculiar accent not usually allowed.

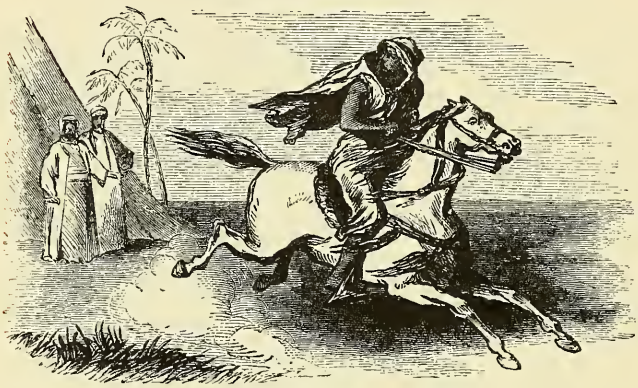
4. *The Spanish Main* was the name formerly applied to the northern coast of South America from the Mosquito Territory to the Leeward Islands.

15. *The reef of Norman's Woe.* A dangerous ledge of rocks on the Massachusetts coast, near Gloucester harbor.

19. *Went by the board.* A sailor's expression, meaning "fell over the side of the vessel."

LESSON LXXVIII.

1. Grieve; *v.* to sorrow over.
2. Meek'ly; *adv.* gently.
3. Im-pa'tient; *adj.* uneasy; restless.
4. Fleet; *adj.* swift.
4. Roam; *v.* to rove; to wander.
5. Tempt'ed; *v.* endeavored to persuade.
6. Steed; *n.* a horse.
6. Scour; *v.* run swiftly.



THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

Articulate distinctly and pronounce correctly. Do not say *an* for and; *uf* for of; *lifs* for lifts; *dif'culty* for dif-fi-cul-ty; *hass* for hast; *beautif'l* for beau-ti-ful; *jouf'ly* for joy-ful-ly; *var'able* for va-ri-a-ble; *fiels* for fields; *complaince* for com-plaints; *en* for end; *duss* for dust; *runnin* for run-ning.

1. Once a very poor Arab was tempted to sell his horse to a rich man for a bag of gold. The Arab was in rags, and his children had no food; he saw the bright gold, and then looked at his horse. "No," said he, "we will not part; it is sad to want food, but it is worse to lose thee. Come back, come back, my beauty, we will be glad once more with the little ones at home; they will grieve till we see them again." He then

sprang upon the back of the noble horse, and was soon out of sight.

2. My beautiful, my beautiful,
That standest meekly by
With thy proudly-arched and †glossy neck,
And dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now
With all thy †winged speed;
I'm not to mount on thee again:
Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

3. Fret not with that impatient hoof;
Snuff not the breezy wind;
So far as thou shalt gallop now,
Thou leavest me behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein;
Thy master hath *his* gold:
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!
Thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

4. Slow and unmounted I shall roam,
With weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound,
Thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well,
I'll pause and sadly think,
"'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck,
When last I saw him drink!"

5. When *last* I saw thee drink?—away!
The †fevered dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and know
That we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful,
For hunger's power is strong;
They tempted me, my beautiful,
But I have loved too long.

6. Who said that I had given thee up?
Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed!
I fling them back their gold!
Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back
To scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now
Shall claim thee for his pains!

LXXII. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

By **Samuel Woodworth**, who was born in Massachusetts in 1785. He was both author and editor. This is his best known poem.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it:
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell:
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

2. That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips;
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Căt′a-răct, *a great fall of water.* 2. O-ver-flōw′ing, *running over.* Ex′qui-sīte, *exceeding, extreme.* 3. Poised′, *balanced.* Gŏb′let, *a kind of cup or drinking vessel.* Nĕc′tar, *the drink of the gods.* In-trū′sĭve-ly, *without right or welcome.* Re-vērts′, *returns.*

EXERCISES. — Who was the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"? What is said of this piece? What does the poem describe? and what feeling does it express?

LXXVI. RIVERMOUTH THEATER.

From "The Story of a Bad Boy," by **Thomas Bailey Aldrich.** The author was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1836. When quite young his family moved to Louisiana, but he was sent back to New England to be educated, and later he located at New York. He is a well-known writer of both prose and poetry.

1. "Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal, rainy afternoon. "Let's have a theater," suggested Binny Wallace.

2. The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theater.

3. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances.

4. The theater, however, was a success, as far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a great deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theater" was twenty pins. I played all the principal characters myself,—not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

5. At the tenth representation, my dramatic career

was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of "William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland." Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I wouldn't let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had.

6. I made a cross-bow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him. We had reached that exciting scene where Gesler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son.

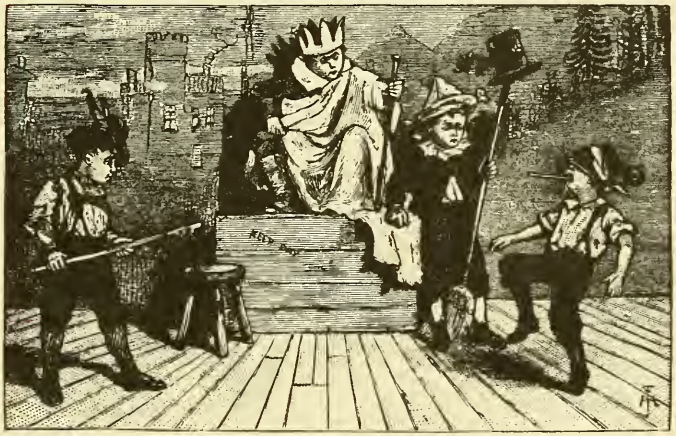
7. To guard against mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

8. I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the cross-bow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience—consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothes-pin. I raised the cross-bow, I repeat. Twang! went the whip-cord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.

9. I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glanc-

ing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

10. Luckily, poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tell), issued an injunction against all theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this



would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had n't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried, "Hear! hear!"

11. I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

12. This was my last appearance on any stage. It was some time, though, before I heard the end of the William Tell business. Malicious little boys who had n't been allowed to buy tickets to my theater used to cry out after me in the street,—"'Who killed Cock Robin?'"

DEFINITIONS.—1. Cŏn'elāve, *a private meeting.* 2. Măn-a-ġē'-ri-al, *of or pertaining to a manager.* 4. De-dŭet'ing, *taking away, subtracting.* 5. Ca-reer', *course of action.* 8. Au'di-ençe, *an assembly of hearers.* 9. Ex-e-eū'tion, *a putting to death by law.* 10. In-jŭn̲e'tion, *a command.* 11. At-trĭb'ūt-ed, *assigned, charged.* Māel'strom (*pro.* māl'strum), *a whirlpool.*

NOTE.—The Revised Fifth Reader of this Series contains the portion of William Tell probably alluded to. See McGuffey's Fifth Reader, pp. 207–216.

LXXIX. HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL.

Adapted from the story of "Little Daffydowndilly," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author was born at Salem, Mass., in 1804, and ranks among the first of American novelists.

1. Hugh Idle loved to do only what was agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Hugh was yet a little boy, he was sent away from home, and put under the care of a very strict school-master, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

2. Those who knew him best, affirmed that Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than any body else in the world. He had, however, a severe and ugly countenance; his voice was harsh; and all his ways and customs were disagreeable to our young friend, Hugh Idle.

3. The whole day long this terrible old school-master stalked about among his scholars, with a big cane in his hand; and unless a lad chose to attend constantly and quietly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a single quiet moment. "This will never do for me," thought Hugh; "I'll run off, and try to find my way home."

4. So the very next morning off he started, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. He had gone but a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

5. "Good morning, my fine lad!" said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

6. Now Hugh was a boy of very frank disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now, but confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil. "Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger; "then we will go together; for I likewise have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of." So they walked on very sociably side by side.

7. By and by their road led them past a field, where some hay-makers were at work. Hugh could not help thinking how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, than to learn lessons all day long, shut up in a dismal school-room, continually watched by Mr. Toil.

8. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand. "Quick, quick!" cried he; "let us run away, or he will catch us!"

9. "Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

10. "Mr. Toil, the old school-master," answered Hugh; "don't you see him among the hay-makers?" and Hugh pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field.

11. He was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; and he kept constantly crying out to his work-people to make hay while the sun shone. Strange to say, the features of the old farmer were precisely the same as those of Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering the school-room.

12. "Don't be afraid," said the stranger; "this is not Mr. Toil, the school-master, but a brother of his,

who was bred a farmer. He won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on his farm."

13. Hugh believed what his companion said, but was glad when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers came to a spot where some carpenters were building a house. Hugh begged his companion to stop awhile, for it was a pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work with their saws, planes, and hammers; and he was beginning to think he too should like to use the saw, and the plane, and the hammer, and be a carpenter himself. But suddenly he caught sight of something that made him seize his friend's hand, in a great fright.

14. "Make haste! quick, quick!" cried he; "there's old Mr. Toil again." The stranger cast his eyes where Hugh pointed his finger, and saw an elderly man, who seemed to be overseeing the carpenters, as he went to and fro about the unfinished house, marking out the work to be done, and urging the men to be diligent; and wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, they sawed and hammered as if for dear life.

15. "Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger; "it is another brother of his who follows the trade of carpenter."

16. "I am very glad to hear it," quoth Hugh; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

DEFINITIONS.—1. A-grēe'a-ble, *pleasing.* 2. Af-fīrmed', *declared.* 4. Ex-pĕns'es, *costs.* Se-dāte', *calm.* Mŏd'er-ate, *neither fast nor slow.* 6. Dĭs-po-sĭ'tion, *natural state of mind.* Con-fĕssed', *acknowledged.* Sō'cia-bly, *in a friendly way.* 11. Fēat'ūres, *the distinctive marks of the face.* 13. Re-sĕm'blançe, *likeness.* 14. Dĭl'i-gent, *industrious.* Vĭs'aġe, *the face.* 16. Quōth, *said.*

LXXX. HUGH IDLE AND MR. TOIL.

(Concluded.)

1. Now Hugh and the stranger had not gone much further, when they met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with feathers in their caps, and glittering muskets on their shoulders. In front marched the drummers and fifers, making such merry music that Hugh would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. If he were only a soldier, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

2. "Quick step! forward! march!" shouted a gruff voice.

3. Little Hugh started in great dismay; for this voice sounded precisely like that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room. And turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, in an officer's dress, to be sure, but looking as ugly and disagreeable as ever.

4. "This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Hugh, in a trembling voice. "Let us away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company."

5. "You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger very composedly. "This is only a brother of Mr. Toil's, who has served in the army all his life. You and I need not be afraid of him."

6. "Well, well," said Hugh, "if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more." So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, after awhile, they came to a house by the road-side, where a number of young men and rosy-cheeked girls,

with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle.

7. "Oh, let us stop here," cried Hugh; "Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry."

8. But the words had scarcely died away on the little boy's tongue, when, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, armed with a fiddle-bow this time, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life.

9. "Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale; "it seems as if there were nobody but Mr. Toil in the world."

10. "This is not your old school-master," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who has learned to be a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Master Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who know him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

11. "Pray, let us go on," said Hugh.

12. Well, thus the two went wandering along the highway and in shady lanes and through pleasant villages, and wherever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there! He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Every-where they stumbled on some of the old school-master's innumerable brothers.

13. At length, little Hugh found himself completely worn out with running away from Mr. Toil. "Take

me back! take me back!" cried the poor fellow, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house."

14. "Yonder it is; there is the school-house!" said the stranger; for though he and little Hugh had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to the school together."

15. There was something in his companion's voice that little Hugh now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil, so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he had been doing his best to run away from him.

16. Little Hugh Idle, however, had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he now knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think his ways were not so disagreeable, and that the old school-master's smile of approbation made his face sometimes appear almost as pleasant as even that of Hugh's mother.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Vĕnt′ūre, *to dare, to risk.* 3. Dis-māy′, *fright, terror.* Pre-çīse′ly, *exactly.* 4. En-lĭst′, *to put one's name on a roll, to join.* 5. Com-pōṣ′ed-ly, *calmly, quietly.* 6. Re-ṣūmed′, *recommenced.* 10. Ob-ṣērved′, *remarked.* 12. In-nū′mer-a-ble, *not to be counted.* 16. Ap-pro-bā′tion, *the act of regarding with pleasure.*

EXERCISES.—To whose school was Hugh Idle sent? Why did he run away? Relate the adventures of Hugh and the stranger. What lesson is taught by this story?

LXXXVIII. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

Robert Southey was a celebrated English poet, born in 1774, who once held the honorable position of poet laureate. He wrote a great deal both in prose and verse.

1. No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

2. Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

3. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

4. When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

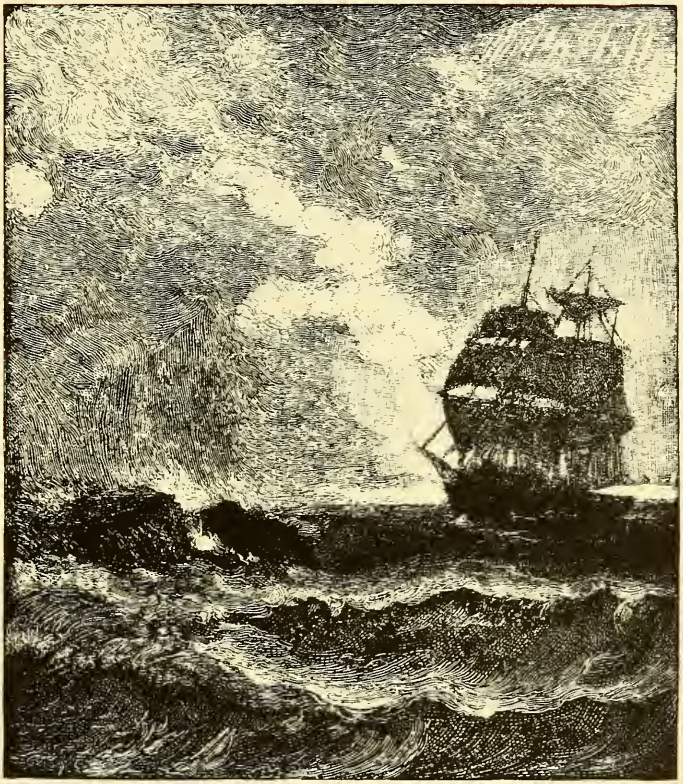
5. The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

6. The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

7. He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

8. His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

9. The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.



10. Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

11. Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

12. So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

13. On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

14. "Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

15. They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

16. Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

17. But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

DEFINITIONS.—1. Keel, *the principal timber in a ship, extending from bow to stern, at the bottom.* 3. Buoy (*pro.* bwoy *or* bwôy), *a floating mark to point out the position of rocks, etc., beneath the water.* 4. Sûrge, *a large wave.* 5. Joy'ançe, *gayety.* 11. Scoured, *roved over, ranged about.* Store, *that which is massed together.* 14. Me-thĭnks', *it seems to me.* 17. Fiends (*pro.* fends),

evil spirits. Knĕll (*pro.* nĕl), *the stroke of a bell rung at a funeral or at the death of a person.*

NOTES.—The above poem was written at Bristol, England, in 1802, and recounts an old tradition.

2. *The Inchcape Rock* is at the entrance of the Frith of Tay, Scotland, about fifteen miles from shore.

XC. A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE.

1. Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thine earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember! 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save!

2. That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son,
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her belovèd boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy.

3. She bade him keep the gift, that, when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

4. And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If SHE or HE had loved him best.

5. A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy:
A mother's gift! remember, boy.

DEFINITIONS.—2. Plĕdġe, *proof, evidence.* 3. In′çĕnse, *something offered in honor of any one.* Fāith, *belief.* 4. Scŏff′er, *one who laughs at what is good.*

Fifth Reader

LESSON X.

5. Sub'tile; *adj.* thin; delicate.
5. Crest; *n.* a tuft or ornament worn on the head.
6. Wil'y; *adj.* cunning; sly.
7. Coun'sel-or; *n.* one who gives advice.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—A Fable.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *put-ti-est* (pro. prit-ti-est) for pret-ti-est; *crea-ture* nor *crit-ter*, (pro. creat-yure) for creat-ure; *ful-lish* for fool-ish; *ferss-ly* for fierce-ly.

1. "Will you walk into my †parlor´?" said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."
"O no`, no`," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weary` with †soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly;
"There are pretty curtains drawn around`, the sheets are fine and thin`,
And if you like to rest awhile´, I'll snugly tuck you in`."
"O no`, no`," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They *never*, *never wake* again, who sleep upon *your* bed."

3. Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend´, what shall I do`,
To prove the warm †affection I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome; will you please to take a slice´.
"O no`, no`!" said the little fly`, "kind sir´, that can not be`;
I've *heard*` what's in your pantry, and I do not *wish* to *see*`."

4. "Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise`,
How handsome are your †gauzy wings`, how †brilliant are your eyes`!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf,
If you 'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank` you, gentle sir´," she said, "for what you 're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning *now´*, I 'll call *another* day."

5. The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again:
So he wove a subtile web, in a little corner, sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.
Then he went out to his door again, and †merrily did sing,
"Come hither`, hither`, pretty fly´, with the pearl and silver wing:
Your robes are green and purple; there 's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the †diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

6. Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily †flattering words, came slowly flitting by,
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—*poor foolish thing!* At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast`.

7. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his †dismal den,
Within his little parlor; but she ne'er came out again!
And now, my dear young friends´, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counselor, close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from the tale of the Spider and the Fly.

EXERCISES.—Relate the conversation between the spider and the fly. What motive did the cunning spider finally appeal to, which induced the fly to visit it? What became of the fly?

Why is the rising inflection used at "sir" in the 4th stanza? Why at "fly" in the 5th? Why at "friends" in the 7th?

What are the nouns in the last line? The verb? The adjectives or articles? See Pinneo's Primary Grammar, pp. 19 and 20.

LESSON XII.

2. Po-lite'ness; *n.* good breeding. 6. Pack; *n.* a collection.
2. Perch; *n.* a place to roost. 8. Curs; *n.* a name for dogs.

THE CHICKEN-COCK AND THE FOX.

Pronounce correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *p'lite-ness* for po-lite-ness; *set-ting* for sit-ting; *wen-ev-er* for when-ev-er; *ear-nes-ly* for ear-nest-ly; *houns* for hounds.

1. A young chicken-cock, that was sitting upon the branch of a tree, crowed so loud, that a fox which chanced to be passing by, heard him. So he went up to him and said, "How do you do, my dear friend? I have not seen you for an age."

2. "Thank you for your politeness, sir," said the cock. "I am as well as usual." "I am delighted to hear it," said the fox. "Pray come down from that high perch, so that I may see you closer, and admire your beautiful feathers."

3. "No, I am much obliged to you," said the cock; "that will not do, for I have heard my old father say, that a fox is very fond of the flesh of a cock, and will eat him whenever he gets a chance. So, if you please, I will stay where I am."

4. "Pshaw, †pshaw, child," said the sly thief; "give me leave to tell you that your sire is an old fool, and does not speak a word of truth, for I know that all the beasts and birds are now at †peace; therefore you need not mind that, but fly down and see me."

5. "Is this all true?" said the cock. "I am very glad to hear it, I am sure." And saying this, he †stretched out his neck as far as he could, as if he saw something a great way off.

6. "What do you see, my dear friend, that you look out so †earnestly?" said the fox. "O, nothing at all," said the cock, "only a pack of hounds, that seem to be

running a race. It is a fine sight. Look, look, they are coming this way."

7. "Dear me," said the fox; "coming this way? Then it is high time to be gone." "Gone!" said the cock; "why should you go? What danger can there be to a fox in meeting hounds in time of peace?"

8. "Yes," cried the fox, "all you say is true; but it is ten to one that these vile curs have not yet heard of the peace; therefore I must run as fast as I can to get out of the way."

MORAL.

9. This story shows us, that when a known †enemy wishes to seem a friend, there is most cause for us to keep out of his reach; and also that †shame is likely to follow †falsehood.

EXERCISES.—Relate the conversation between the chicken and the fox. To what did the cock direct the fox's attention, and what did the fox say and do? What is the moral of this fable?

LESSON XVIII.

1. Con-ten'tions; *n.* angry contests; quarrels.
2. De-mo'ni-ac; *n.* one possessed by a devil.
4. Gen-er-a'tion; *n.* a race; the people of the same period.
4. De-bauch'ed; *adj.* corrupted in morals.
5. Ten'e-ments; *n.* houses.
5. In-her'it-ance; *n.* an estate received from parents.
6. Des-o-la'tion; *n.* ruin; destruction.
8. Con-so-la'tion; *n.* comfort.
8. Phi-lan'thro-pist; *n.* one who loves his fellow-men.
11. Ben-e-dic'tion; *n.* blessing.
12. Pen-i-ten'tia-ry; *n.* a house where criminals are confined to labor.
12. De-gen'er-a-cy; *n.* the state of growing worse.

TOUCH NOT—TASTE NOT—HANDLE NOT.

Remark.—When there are poetical quotations in prose pieces, they should be read as if they were part of the same line, unless the sense requires a pause.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *com-par-er-tive-ly* for com-par-*a*-tive-ly; *fre-kwunt* for fre-quent; *tem-per-it-ly* for tem-per-*ate*-ly; *scurce-ly* for scarce-ly; *ut-ter-unce* for ut-ter-ance.

1. "Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without a cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine."

2. How often do men meet in good humor, then drink to excess, talk nonsense, fancy themselves insulted, take fire within, †rave, threaten, and then come to blows? A long time ago, Seneca spoke of those who "let in a thief at the mouth to steal away the brains." In such a case, the stupidity of a brute is often united with the fury of a demoniac. Nay, the man among the tombs was †comparatively harmless; he only injured himself. But how often does the drunken revel end in the cry of murder!

3. How often does the hand of the intoxicated man,

lifted against his dearest friend, perhaps the wife of his bosom,

In one rash hour,
Perform a deed that haunts him to the grave!"

4. Could I call around me, in one vast assembly, the young men of this nation, I would say: Hopes of my country, blessed be ye of the Lord, now in the dew of your youth. But look well to your footsteps; for †vipers, and scorpions, and adders surround your way. Look at the generation who have just †preceded you. The morning of their life was cloudless, and it dawned as brightly as your own. But behold, now, the smitten, enfeebled, inflamed, debauched, idle, poor, irreligious, and †vicious, with halting step, dragging onward to meet an early grave.

5. Their bright prospects are clouded, and their sun is set, never to rise. No house of their own receives them, while from poorer to poorer tenements they descend, as †improvidence dries up their resources. And now, who are those that wait on their footsteps, with muffled faces and †sable garments? *That* is a father, and *that* is a mother, whose gray hairs are coming with sorrow to the grave. *That* is a sister, weeping over evils which she can not arrest; and *there* is the broken-hearted wife; and *these* are the children—helpless innocents!—for whom their father has provided no inheritance, save one of dishonor, and nakedness, and woe!

6. And is *this*, beloved youth, the history of *your* course? In *this* scene of desolation, do you see the image of *your* future selves? Is *this* the poverty, and the disease, which, as an armed man, shall take hold on *you?* and are *your* relatives and friends to succeed those who now move on, in this mournful †procession, weeping as they go?

7. Yes, bright as your morning now opens, and high as your hopes beat, *this* is *your* noon and *your* night, unless you shun those habits of intemperance which have thus early made theirs a day of clouds and of thick darkness. If you frequent places of evening re-

sort for †social drinking; if you set out with drinking, daily, a little, prudently, †temperately; it is *yourselves*, which, as in a glass, you behold.

8. "One of the greatest consolations afforded to my mind by the success of the temperance cause, is the reflection that my child will not be a drunkard." Such was the language of a distinguished philanthropist, as he held a listening assembly chained by the voice of his †eloquence.

9. To his remark the heart of every parent †assents; for that the progress of the temperance cause will be so great, at the period when the child, which is now an infant, shall come upon the theater of life, as to render all use of ardent spirit, as a drink, †disreputable, can scarcely be questioned.

10. If any father or mother could lift the veil of futurity, and read on the page of coming years, that the son now so loved, so idolized, perhaps, would become a bloated, polluted, and polluting creature, reeling under the †influence of ardent spirit, the remainder of life would be wretched. To such a parent, this world would, indeed, be a vale of tears; and the silence and †solitude of the tomb, would be welcomed as the place where the weary might be at rest.

11. The temperance †reform does in fact lift the veil of years, and disclose to the parents of the present generation, their children and children's children freed from all the woes and curses of drunkenness, the smile of gratitude upon their countenance, and the language of benediction upon their lips.

12. "My child will not be a drunkard!" Cheering thought! How it swells the heart with emotions too big for utterance! What an †animated prospect does it open to the mind! Alms-houses, and jails, and penitentiaries, and State-prisons will then stand only as so many monuments of the vices of an age gone by; and the evils consequent upon the use of ardent spirits shall exist only upon the historian's page, as so many †records of former degeneracy and the errors of mankind.

EXERCISE.—What is a certain security against intemperance?

IV. THE GRANDFATHER.

Charles G. Eastman (*b.* 1816, *d.* 1861) was born in Maine, but removed at an early age to Vermont, where he was connected with the press at Burlington, Woodstock, and Montpelier. He published a volume of poems in 1848, written in a happy lyric and ballad style, and faithfully portraying rural life in New England.

1. The farmer sat in his easy-chair
   Smoking his pipe of clay,
   While his hale old wife with busy care,
   Was clearing the dinner away;
   A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
   On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.

2. The old man laid his hand on her head,
   With a tear on his wrinkled face,
   He thought how often her mother, dead,
   Had sat in the selfsame place;
   As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
   "Don't smoke!" said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

3. The house dog lay stretched out on the floor,
   Where the shade, afternoons, used to steal;
   The busy old wife by the open door
   Was turning the spinning wheel,
   And the old brass clock on the manteltree
   Had plodded along to almost three.

4. Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
   While close to his heaving breast
   The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
   Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
   His head bent down, on her soft hair lay;
   Fast asleep were they both on that summer day.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Hāle, *healthy.* 3. Măn'tel-tree, *shelf over a fireplace.* Plŏd'ded, *went slowly.* 4. Hēav'ing, *rising and falling.*

(5.—4.)

IX. THE MANIAC.

1. A GENTLEMAN who had traveled in Europe, relates that he one day visited the hospital of Berlin, where he saw a man whose exterior was very striking. His figure, tall and commanding, was bending with age, but more with sorrow; the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples were white almost as the driven snow, and the deepest melancholy was depicted in his countenance.

2. On inquiring who he was and what brought him there, he started, as if from sleep, and, after looking around him, began with slow and measured steps to stride the hall, repeating in a low but audible voice, "Once one is two; once one is two."

3. Now and then he would stop, and remain with his arms folded on his breast as if in contemplation, for some minutes; then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "Once one is two; once one is two." His story, as our traveler understood it, was as follows:

4. Conrad Lange, collector of the revenues of the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whom nothing could divert from the paths of honesty. Scrupulously exact in all his dealings, and assiduous in the discharge of all his duties, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the minister of finance, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue.

5. On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year, he found a deficit of ten thousand ducats. Alarmed at this discovery, he went to the minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he did not know how it had arisen, and that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin.

6. The minister received his accounts, but thinking it a duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter.

he caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries for inspection, who returned them the day after with the information that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying, Mr. Lange had said, *once one is two*, instead of once one is *one*.

7. The poor man was immediately released from confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted two days, he had neither eaten, drunk, nor taken any repose; and when he appeared, his countenance was as pale as death. On receiving his accounts, he was a long time silent; then suddenly awaking, as if from a trance, he repeated, "Once one is two."

8. He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink, unless solicited; and took notice of nothing that passed around him. While repeating his accustomed phrase, if anyone corrected him by saying, "Once one is *one*," his attention was arrested for a moment, and he said, "Ah, right, once one *is* one;" and then resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "Once one is two." He died shortly after the traveler left Berlin.

9. This affecting story, whether true or untrue, obviously abounds with lessons of instruction. Alas! how easily is the human mind thrown off its balance; especially when it is stayed on this world only, and has no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the injunction of Scripture, to cast all our cares upon Him who careth for us, and who heareth even the young ravens when they cry.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Ex-tē′ri-or, *outward appearance*. De-pĭet′ed, *painted, represented*. 3. Cŏn-tem-plā′tion, *continued attention of the mind to one subject*. 4. Rĕv′e-nūes, *the annual income from taxes, public rents, etc.* Seru′pu-loŭs-ly, *carefully*. As-sĭd′u-oŭs, *constant in attention*. Fĭ-năn̤ce′, *the income of a ruler or a state*. 5. Dĕf′i-e̤ĭt, *lack, want*. Dŭ-e′at, *a gold coin worth about* $2.00. 6. De-fa̤ult′er, *one who fails to account for public money intrusted to his care*. 9. Ob′vi-oŭs-ly, *plainly*. In-jŭn̲e′tion, *a command*.

XI. THE FISH I DID N'T CATCH.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N.H., in 1892. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and he never received a classical education. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston. In the following year he removed to Hartford, Conn., to assume a similar position. In 1836 he edited an antislavery paper in Philadelphia. In 1840 he removed to Amesbury, Mass. Mr. Whittier's parents were Friends, and he always held to the same faith. He wrote extensively both in prose and verse. As a poet, he ranked among those most highly esteemed and honored by his countrymen. "Snow Bound" is one of the longest and best of his poems.

1. Our bachelor uncle who lived with us was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to Great Hill, Brandy-brow Woods, the

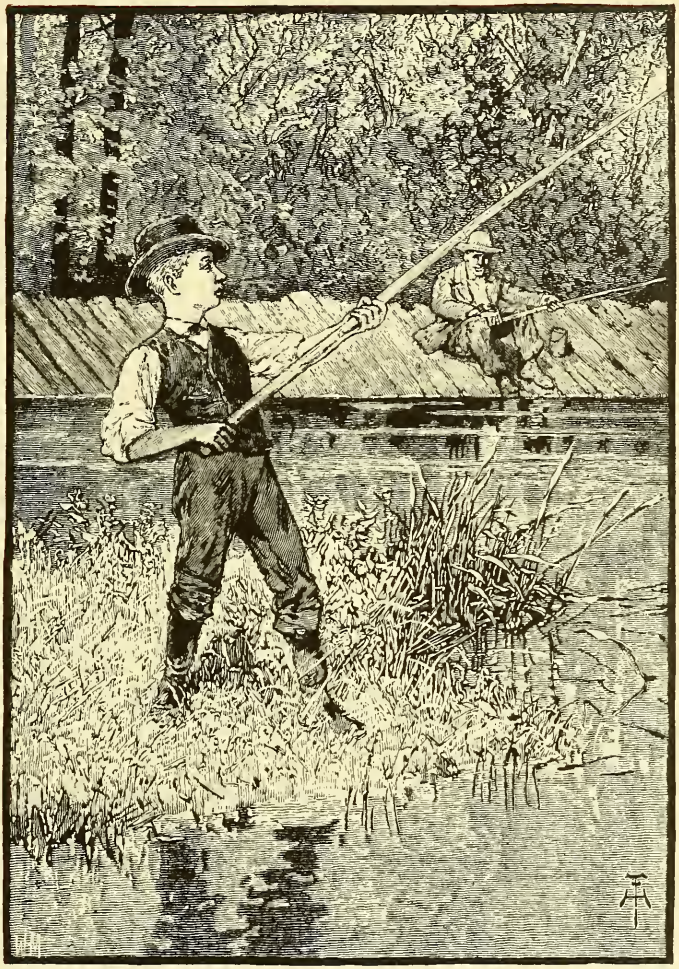
Pond, and, best of all, to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or the haying lot to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

2. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before.

3. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerately placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

4. I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

5. Suddenly something tugged at my line, and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!" "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a plash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream, my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.



6. We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but we may depend upon it the young folks don't agree with us. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, ex-

(5.—5.)

perience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken, and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight, and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

7. So, overcome with my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

8. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then, either, for it speaks for itself."

9. How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch. When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Gēn'ial, *cheerful.* 3. Häunts, *places frequently visited.* Con-sĭd'er-ate-ly, *with due regard to others, kindly thoughtful.* 4. Ap-pēal'ing-ly, *as though asking for aid.* 6. Mŏd'-i-fied, *qualified, lessened.* Pro-prī'e-tieş, *fixed customs or rules of conduct.* Ab-sôrb'ing, *engaging the attention entirely.* 7. Hăs'-sock, *a raised mound of turf.* 9. An-tĭç'i-pate, *to take before the proper time.* A-chiēve'ment, *performance, deed.*

XII. IT SNOWS.

Sarah Josepha Hale (*b.* 1788 ?, *d.* 1879) was born in Newport, N.H. Her maiden name was Buell. In 1814 she married David Hale, an eminent lawyer, who died in 1822. Left with five children to support, she turned her attention to literature. In 1828 she became editor of the "Ladies' Magazine." In 1837 this periodical was united with "Godey's Lady's Book," of which Mrs. Hale was literary editor for more than forty years.

1. "It snows!" cries the Schoolboy, "Hurrah!" and his shout
   Is ringing through parlor and hall,
   While swift as the wing of a swallow, he's out,
   And his playmates have answered his call;
   It makes the heart leap but to witness their joy;
   Proud wealth has no pleasures, I trow,
   Like the rapture that throbs in the pulse of the boy
   As he gathers his treasures of snow;
   Then lay not the trappings of gold on thine heirs,
   While health and the riches of nature are theirs.

2. "It snows!" sighs the Imbecile, "Ah!" and his breath
   Comes heavy, as clogged with a weight;
   While, from the pale aspect of nature in death,
   He turns to the blaze of his grate;
   And nearer and nearer, his soft-cushioned chair
   Is wheeled toward the life-giving flame;
   He dreads a chill puff of the snow-burdened air,
   Lest it wither his delicate frame;
   Oh! small is the pleasure existence can give,
   When the fear we shall die only proves that we live!

3. "It snows!" cries the Traveler, "Ho!" and the word
   Has quickened his steed's lagging pace;
   The wind rushes by, but its howl is unheard,
   Unfelt the sharp drift in his face;
   For bright through the tempest his own home appeared,
   Ay, though leagues intervened, he can see:

There's the clear, glowing hearth, and the table prepared,
And his wife with her babes at her knee;
Blest thought! how it lightens the grief-laden hour,
That those we love dearest are safe from its power!

4. "It snows!" cries the Belle, "Dear, how lucky!" and turns
From her mirror to watch the flakes fall,
Like the first rose of summer, her dimpled cheek burns.
While musing on sleigh ride and ball:
There are visions of conquests, of splendor, and mirth,
Floating over each drear winter's day;
But the tintings of Hope, on this storm-beaten earth,
Will melt like the snowflakes away.
Turn, turn thee to Heaven, fair maiden, for bliss;
That world has a pure fount ne'er opened in this.

5. "It snows!" cries the Widow, "O God!" and her sighs
Have stifled the voice of her prayer;
Its burden ye'll read in her tear-swollen eyes,
On her cheek sunk with fasting and care.
'Tis night, and her fatherless ask her for bread,
But "He gives the young ravens their food,"
And she trusts till her dark hearth adds horror to dread,
And she lays on her last chip of wood.
Poor sufferer! that sorrow thy God only knows;
'Tis a most bitter lot to be poor when it snows.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Trōw, *to think, to believe.* Trăp'pings, *ornaments.* 2. Im'be-çīle, *one who is feeble either in body or mind.* 3. Inter-vēned', *were situated between.* 4. Mūs'ing, *thinking in an absent-minded way.* Cŏn'quests, *triumphs, successes.* Tĭnt'ings, *slight colorings.* 5. Stī'fled, *choked, suppressed.*

REMARK. — Avoid reading this piece in a monotonous style. Try to express the actual feeling of each quotation; and enter into the descriptions with spirit.

XIII. RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH REWARDED.

1. In the city of Bath, not many years since, lived a barber who made a practice of following his ordinary occupation on the Lord's day. As he was on the way to his morning's employment, he happened to look into some place of worship just as the minister was giving out his text — "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." He listened long enough to be convinced that he was constantly breaking the laws of God and man by shaving and dressing his customers on the Lord's day. He became uneasy, and went with a heavy heart to his Sabbath task.

2. At length he took courage, and opened his mind to his minister, who advised him to give up Sabbath work, and worship God. He replied that beggary would be the consequence. He had a flourishing trade, but it would almost all be lost. At length, after many a sleepless night spent in weeping and praying, he was determined to cast all his care upon God, as the more he reflected, the more his duty became apparent.

3. He discontinued his Sabbath work, went constantly and early to the public services of religion, and soon enjoyed that satisfaction of mind which is one of the rewards of doing our duty, and that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The consequences he foresaw actually followed. His genteel customers left him, and he was nicknamed "Puritan" or "Methodist." He was obliged to give up his fashionable shop, and, in the course of years, became so reduced as to take a cellar under the old market house and shave the poorer people.

4. One Saturday evening, between light and dark, a stranger from one of the coaches, asking for a barber, was directed by the hostler to the cellar opposite. Coming in hastily, he requested to be shaved quickly, while they changed horses, as he did not like to violate the Sabbath.

This was touching the barber on a tender chord. He burst into tears; asked the stranger to lend him a half-penny to buy a candle, as it was not light enough to shave him with safety. He did so, revolving in his mind the extreme poverty to which the poor man must be reduced.

5. When shaved, he said, "There must be something extraordinary in your history, which I have not now time to hear. Here is half a crown for you. When I return, I will call and investigate your case. What is your name?" "William Reed," said the astonished barber. "William Reed?" echoed the stranger: "William Reed? by your dialect you are from the West." "Yes, sir, from Kingston, near Taunton." "William Reed from Kingston, near Taunton? What was your father's name?" "Thomas." "Had he any brother?" "Yes, sir, one, after whom I was named; but he went to the Indies, and, as we never heard from him, we supposed him to be dead."

6. "Come along, follow me," said the stranger, "I am going to see a person who says his name is William Reed, of Kingston, near Taunton. Come and confront him. If you prove to be indeed he who you say you are, I have glorious news for you. Your uncle is dead, and has left an immense fortune, which I will put you in possession of when all legal doubts are removed."

7. They went by the coach; saw the pretended William Reed, and proved him to be an impostor. The stranger, who was a pious attorney, was soon legally satisfied of the barber's identity, and told him that he had advertised him in vain. Providence had now thrown him in his way in a most extraordinary manner, and he had great pleasure in transferring a great many thousand pounds to a worthy man, the rightful heir of the property. Thus was man's extremity God's opportunity. Had the poor barber possessed one half-penny, or even had credit for a candle, he might have remained unknown for years; but he trusted God, who never said, "Seek ye my face," in vain.

DEFINITIONS. — 2. Ap-pâr'ent, *clear, plain.* 3. Gen-teel', *fashionable, elegant.* Re-dūçed', *brought to poverty.* 4. Vī'o-lāte, *to break, to profane.* 5. In-vĕs'ti-gāte, *to inquire into with care.* Dī'a-leet, *a local form of speech.* 6. Con-frŏnt', *to face, to stand before.* 7. At-tor'ney (*pro.* at-tûr'nў), *a lawyer.* I-dĕn'ti-ty, *the condition of being the same as something claimed.* Trans-fĕr'ring, *making over the possession of.* Ex-trĕm'i-ty, *greatest need.* Op-por-tū'-ni-ty, *favorable time.*

XIV. THE SANDS O' DEE.

Charles Kingsley (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1875) was born at Holne, Devonshire, England. He took his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1842, and soon after entered the Church. His writings are quite voluminous, including sermons, lectures, novels, fairy tales, and poems, published in book form, besides numerous miscellaneous sermons and magazine articles. He was an earnest worker for bettering the condition of the working classes, and this object was the basis of most of his writings. As a lyric poet he has gained a high place. The "Saint's Tragedy" and "Andromeda" are the most pretentious of his poems, and "Alton Locke" and "Hypatia" are his best known novels.

1. "O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

2. The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land —
And never home came she.

3. Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair? —
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea.
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

4. They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

NOTES. — *The Sands o' Dee.* The Dee is a river of Scotland, noted for its salmon fisheries.

O' is a contraction for *of*, commonly used by the Scotch.

REMARK. — The first three lines of each stanza deserve special attention in reading. The final words are nearly or quite the same, but the expression of each line should vary. The piece should be read in a low key and with a pure, musical tone.

XVI. THE CORN SONG.

1. Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
   Heap high the golden corn!
   No richer gift has Autumn poured
   From out her lavish horn!

2. Let other lands, exulting, glean
   The apple from the pine,
   The orange from its glossy green,
   The cluster from the vine;

3. We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us, when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

4. Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

5. We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

6. All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

7. And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come;
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home.

8. There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

9. Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

10. Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth
And bless our farmer girls!

11. Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

12. Let earth withhold her goodly root;
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly:

13. But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

From Whittier's "Songs of Labor."

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Hōard, *a large quantity of anything laid up.* Lăv'ish, *profuse.* 4. Mēadș, *meadows.* 9. Văp'id, *spiritless, dull.* Sămp, *bruised corn cooked by boiling.*

NOTE. — 8. According to the ancient fable, *Apollo*, the god of music, sowed the isle of Delos, his birthplace, with golden flowers, by the music of his lyre.

XVIII. THE FESTAL BOARD.

1. Come to the festal board to-night,
   For bright-eyed beauty will be there,
   Her coral lips in nectar steeped,
   And garlanded her hair.

2. Come to the festal board to-night,
   For there the joyous laugh of youth
   Will ring those silvery peals, which speak
   Of bosom pure and stainless truth.

3. Come to the festal board to-night,
For friendship, there, with stronger chain,
Devoted hearts already bound
For good or ill, will bind again.

I went.

4. Nature and art their stores outpoured;
Joy beamed in every kindling glance;
Love, friendship, youth, and beauty smiled;
What could that evening's bliss enhance?

We parted.

5. And years have flown; but where are now
The guests who round that table met?
Rises their sun as gloriously
As on the banquet's eve it set?

6. How holds the chain which friendship wove?
It broke; and soon the hearts it bound
Were widely sundered; and for peace,
Envy and strife and blood were found.

7. The merriest laugh which then was heard
Has changed its tones to maniac screams,
As half-quenched memory kindles up
Glimmerings of guilt in feverish dreams.

8. And where is she whose diamond eyes
Golconda's purest gems outshone?
Whose roseate lips of Eden breathed?
Say, where is she, the beauteous one?

9. Beneath yon willow's drooping shade,
With eyes now dim, and lips all pale,
She sleeps in peace. Read on her urn,
"*A broken heart.*" This tells her tale.

10. And where is he, that tower of strength,
Whose fate with hers for life was joined?
How beats his heart, once honor's throne?
How high has soared his daring mind?

11. Go to the dungeon's gloom to-night;
His wasted form, his aching head,
And all that now remains of him,
Lies, shuddering, on a felon's bed.

12. Ask you of all these woes the cause?
The festal board, the enticing bowl,
More often came, and reason fled,
And maddened passions spurned control.

13. Learn wisdom, then. The frequent feast
Avoid; for there, with stealthy tread
Temptation walks, to lure you on,
Till death, at last, the banquet spread.

14. And shun, oh shun, the enchanted cup!
Though now its draught like joy appears,
Ere long it will be fanned by sighs,
And sadly mixed with blood and tears.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Fĕs'tal, *mirthful, joyous.* Gär'land-ed, *adorned with wreaths of flowers.* 3. De-vōt'ed, *solemnly set apart.* 4. En-hànçe', *increase.* 6. Sŭn'dered, *separated.* 7. Glĭm'mer-ings, *faint views, glimpses.* 8. Rō'şe-ate, *blooming, rosy.* 11. Fĕl'on, *a public criminal.* 12. En-tīç'ing, *attracting to evil.* Spûrned, *rejected with disdain.* 13. Lūre, *to attract, to entice.* 14. En-chànt'ed, *affected with enchantment, bewitched.*

NOTES. — 8. *Golconda* is an ancient city and fortress of India, formerly renowned for its diamonds. They were merely cut and polished there, however, being generally brought from Parteall, a city farther south.

XIX. HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS.

Mr. H. and the Steward.

Mr. H. HA! Steward, how are you, my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

H. Poor Mag! So he's gone. How came he to die?

S. Overeat himself, sir.

H. Did he? A greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

S. Horseflesh, sir; he died of eating horseflesh.

H. How came he to get so much horseflesh?

S. All your father's horses, sir.

H. What! are they dead, too?

S. Ay, sir; they died of overwork.

H. And why were they overworked, pray?

S. To carry water, sir.

H. To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

S. Sure, sir, to put out the fire.

H. Fire! what fire?

S. O, sir, your father's house is burned to the ground.

H. My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

S. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

H. Torches! what torches?

S. At your mother's funeral.

H. My mother dead!

S. Ah, poor lady! she never looked up, after it.

H. After what?

S. The loss of your father.

H. My father gone, too?

S. Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

(5.—6.)

H. Heard of what?

S. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

H. What! more miseries! more bad news!

S. Yes, sir; your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

XX. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Robert Southey (*b.* 1774, *d.* 1843) was born in Bristol, England. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793. In 1804 he established himself permanently at Greta Hall, near Keswick, Cumberland, in the "Lake Country," where he enjoyed the friendship and society of Wordsworth and Coleridge, other poets of the "Lake School." He was appointed poet laureate in 1813, and received a pension of £300 a year from the government in 1835. Mr. Southey was a voluminous writer in both prose and verse. As a poet, he can not be placed in the first rank, although some of his minor poems are very happy in thought and expression. Among his most noted poetical works are "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba the Destroyer," "Madoc," "Roderick," and the "Curse of Kehama."

1. It was a summer evening,
   Old Kaspar's work was done,
   And he, before his cottage door,
   Was sitting in the sun;
   And by him sported on the green,
   His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2. She saw her brother Peterkin
   Roll something large and round,
   Which he beside the rivulet,
   In playing there, had found;
   He came to ask what he had found,
   That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4. "I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5. "Now tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

6. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 't was a famous victory:

7. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream, hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8. "With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted, far and wide;
And many a nursing mother then,
And newborn baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10. "Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our young prince, Eugene."
"Why, 't was a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11. "And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I can not tell," said he,
"But 't was a glorious victory."

NOTES. — The Battle of Blenheim, in the "War of the Spanish Succession," was fought August 13, 1704, near Blenheim, in Bavaria, between the French and Bavarians, on one side, and an allied army under the great English general, the Duke of Marlborough, and Eugene, Prince of Savoy, on the other. The latter won a decisive victory: 10,000 of the defeated army were killed and wounded, and 13,000 were taken prisoners.

XXI. "I PITY THEM."

1. A POOR man once undertook to emigrate from Castine, Me., to Illinois. When he was attempting to cross a river in New York, his horse broke through the rotten timbers of the bridge, and was drowned. He had but this one animal to convey all his property and his family to his new home.

2. His wife and children were almost miraculously saved from sharing the fate of the horse; but the loss of this poor animal was enough. By its aid the family, it may be said, had lived and moved; now they were left helpless in a land of strangers, without the ability to go on or return, without money or a single friend to whom to appeal. The case was a hard one.

3. There were a great many who "passed by on the other side." Some even laughed at the predicament in which the man was placed; but by degrees a group of people began to collect, all of whom pitied him.

4. Some pitied him a great deal, and some did not pity him very much, because, they said, he might have known better than to try to cross an unsafe bridge, and should have made his horse swim the river. Pity, however, seemed rather to predominate. Some pitied the man, and some the horse; all pitied the poor, sick mother and her six helpless children.

5. Among this pitying party was a rough son of the West, who knew what it was to migrate some hundreds of miles over new roads to locate a destitute family on a prairie. Seeing the man's forlorn situation, and looking around on the bystanders, he said, "All of you seem to pity these poor people very much, but I would beg leave to ask each of you how much."

6. "There, stranger," continued he, holding up a ten-dollar bill, "there is the amount of my pity; and if others

will do as I do, you may soon get another pony. God bless you." It is needless to state the effect that this active charity produced. In a short time the happy emigrant arrived at his destination, and he is now a thriving farmer, and a neighbor to him who was his "friend in need, and a friend indeed."

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Em'i-grāte, *to remove from one country or state to another for the purpose of residence, to migrate.* 2. Mĭ-răe'u-loŭs-ly, *as if by miracle, wonderfully.* A-bĭl'i-ty, *power, capability.* 3. Pre-dĭe'a-ment, *condition, plight.* 4. Pre-dŏm'i-nāte, *to prevail, to rule.* 5. Lō'eāte, *to place.* Dĕs'ti-tūte, *needy, poor.* 6. Dĕs-ti-nā'tion, *end of a journey.* Thrīv'ing, *prosperous through industry, economy, and good management.*

XXII. AN ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE.

Oliver Goldsmith (*b.* 1728, *d.* 1774) was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the parish of Forney, Ireland. He received his education at several schools, at Trinity College, Dublin, at Edinburgh, and at Leyden. He spent some time in wandering over continental Europe, often in poverty and want. In 1756 he became a resident of London, where he made the acquaintance of several celebrated men, among whom were Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His writings are noted for their purity, grace, and fluency. His fame as a poet is secured by "The Traveler," and "The Deserted Village;" as a dramatist, by "She Stoops to Conquer;" and as a novelist, by "The Vicar of Wakefield." His reckless extravagance always kept him in financial difficulty, and he died heavily in debt. His monument is in Westminster Abbey.

1. Good people all, with one accord,
   Lament for Madam Blaize,
   Who never wanted a good word—
   From those who spoke her praise.

2. The needy seldom passed her door,
   And always found her kind;
   She freely lent to all the poor—
   Who left a pledge behind.

3. She strove the neighborhood to please,
   With manner wondrous winning:
   She never followed wicked ways—
   Unless when she was sinning.

4. At church, in silks and satin new,
   With hoop of monstrous size,
   She never slumbered in her pew—
   But when she shut her eyes.

5. Her love was sought, I do aver,
   By twenty beaux and more;
   The king himself has followed her—
   When she has walked before.

6. But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead —
Her last disorder mortal.

7. Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more —
She had not died to-day.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Ae-eôrd′, *agreement of opinion, consent.* 2. Plĕdġe, *personal property delivered to another as a security for a debt.* 6. Hăng′erş-ŏn, *followers.* Môr′tal, *destructive to life.*

XXIV. WHAT I LIVE FOR.

1. I LIVE for those who love me,
   Whose hearts are kind and true;
   For the heaven that smiles above me,
   And awaits my spirit, too;
   For all human ties that bind me,
   For the task my God assigned me,
   For the bright hopes left behind me,
   And the good that I can do.

2. I live to learn their story,
   Who suffered for my sake;
   To emulate their glory,
   And follow in their wake;
   Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
   The noble of all ages,
   Whose deeds crown History's pages,
   And Time's great volume make.

3. I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

4. I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. As-sīgned' (*pro.* as-sīnd'), *allotted, marked out.* 2. Em'-u-lāte, *to strive to equal or excel, to rival.* Wāke, *the track left by a vessel in the water; hence, figuratively, in the train of.* Bärd, *a poet.* Mär'tyr, *one who sacrifices what is of great value to him for the sake of principle.* Sāge, *a wise man.* 3. Hāil, *to salute.*

XXV. THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

1. IT was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their prattle to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hand had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

2. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways is above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amid the neighboring pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

3. The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children: and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He, whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, can not forget his word.

4. Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she had heard no tidings of him; and in her latter time had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

5. The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery.

6. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of

the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

7. The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments and in apparently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he: "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest, and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

8. The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: "And is this all your store?" said he; "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! But, madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

9. "Ah," said the poor widow — and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it — "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided

for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away!"

10. The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress: my mother! oh, my mother!" It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Făg'ots, *bundles of sticks used for fuel.* Prăt'tle, *trifling talk.* Dĭs'si-pāte, *to scatter.* 2. Pū'ny, *small and weak.* 4. Pĭl'grim-aġe, *a journey.* 5. Sŭs'te-nançe, *that which supports life.* Fôr'ti-tūde, *resolute endurance.* 7. In-dĭf'fer-ent, *neither very good nor very bad.* Cŏm-pli-cā'tion, *entanglement.* Sym'pa-thieş, *compassion.* Prŏf'fered, *offered to give.* 9. Măn'nȧ, *food miraculously provided by God for the Israelites.*

XXVI. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

James Henry Leigh Hunt (*b.* 1784, *d.* 1859) was the son of a West Indian, who married an American lady, and practiced law in Philadelphia until the Revolution; being a Tory, he then returned to England, where Leigh Hunt was born. The latter wrote many verses while yet a boy, and in 1801 his father published a collection of them, entitled "Juvenilia." For many years he was connected with various newspapers, and, while editor of the "Examiner," was imprisoned for two years for writing disrespectfully of the prince regent. While in prison he was visited frequently by the poets Byron, Moore, Lamb, Shelley, and Keats; and there wrote "The Feast of the Poets," "The Descent of Liberty, a Mask," and "The Story of Rimini," which immediately gave him a reputation as a poet. His writings include various translations, dramas, novels, collections of essays, and poems.

1. ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

2. Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

3. "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

4. The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

NOTE. — The above selection is written in imitation of an oriental fable.

XXIX. THE TOWN PUMP.

Nathaniel Hawthorne (*b.* 1804, *d.* 1864) was born in Salem, Mass. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. His earliest literary productions, written for periodicals, were published in two volumes — the first in 1837, the second in 1842 — under the title of "Twice-Told Tales." "Mosses from an Old Manse," another series of tales and sketches, was published in 1845. From 1846 to 1850 he was surveyor of the port of Salem. In 1852 he was appointed United States consul for Liverpool. After holding this office four years, he traveled for some time on the continent. His most popular works are "The Scarlet Letter," a work showing a deep knowledge of human nature, "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," and "The Marble Faun," an Italian romance, which is regarded by many as the best of his works. Being of a modest and retiring disposition, Mr. Hawthorne avoided publicity. Most of his works are highly imaginative. As a prose writer he has no superior among American authors. He died at Plymouth, N. H., while on a visit to the White Mountains for his health.

[SCENE. — *The corner of two principal streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*]

1. NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump?

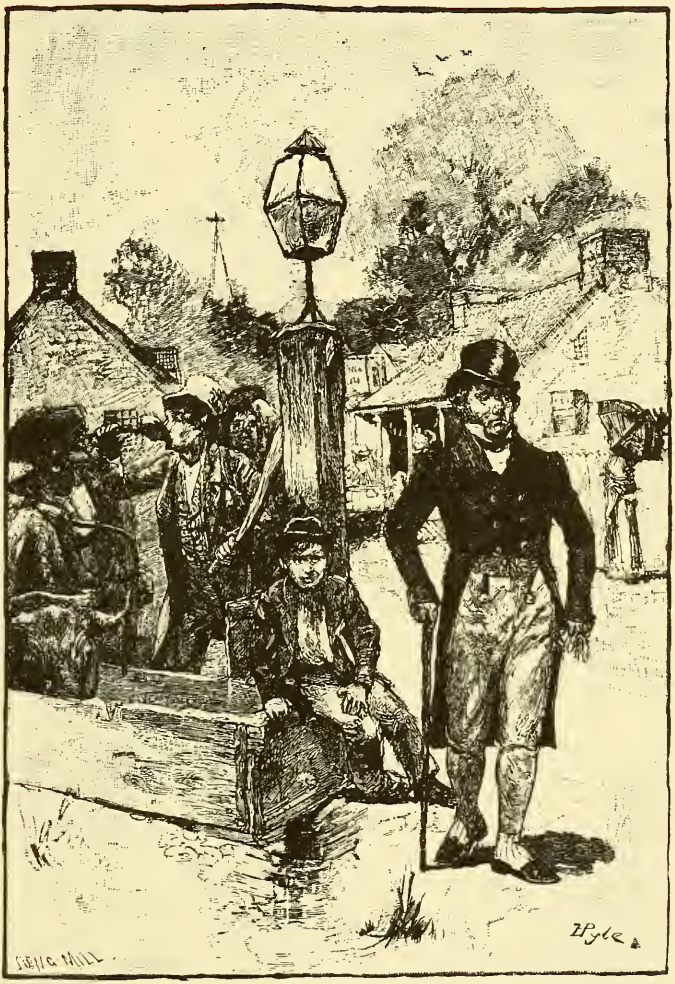
2. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

3. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

4. At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the public square, on a muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam! better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up and help yourselves!"

5. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen. Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice, cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day, and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all — in the fashion of a jellyfish.

6. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most



rubicund sir! You and I have been strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent.

7. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite into steam in the miniature Tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any other kind of dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and whenever you are thirsty, recollect that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

8. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life; take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

9. There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars.

10. Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come all the way from Staunton, or

somewhere along that way. No part of my business gives me more pleasure than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe, with sighs of calm enjoyment! Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

12. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which have gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water!

13. Ahem! Dry work this speechifying, especially to all unpracticed orators. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. But to proceed.

14. The Town Pump and the Cow! Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

15. Then there will be no war of households. The husband and the wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy, a calm bliss of temperate affections, shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of a drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

16. Drink, then, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as when it slaked the thirst of the red hunter, and flowed beneath the aged bough, though now this gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. But, still is this fountain the source of health, peace, and happiness, and I behold, with certainty and joy, the approach of the period when the virtues of cold water, too little valued since our father's days, will be fully appreciated and recognized by all.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Pĕr-pe-tū'i-ty, *endless duration.* 2. Pro-mŭl'-gāt-ing, *announcing.* 3. Mu-nĭç-i-păl'i-ty, *a division of a country or of a city.* 4. Mŭs'ter dāy, *parade day.* Sŭn'dry, *several.* Un-a-dŭl'ter-āt-ed, *pure, unmixed.* Co'gnae (*pro.* Kōn'yak), *a French brandy.* 6. Po-tā'tions, *drinkings.* Rụ'bi-eund, *inclining to redness.* 7. Tō'phet, *the infernal regions.* 10. Tĭt-il-lā'tion, *tickling.* 11. Re-plĕn'ish, *to fill again.* 14. Mo-nŏp'o-līze, *to obtain the whole.* Cŏn-sum-mā'tion, *completion, termination.* Squạl'id, *filthy.* 15. Pro-trăct'ed, *delayed.* 16. Slāked, *quenched.*

XXXII. MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

2. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I always weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

3. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands and heart and brow.

(5.—8.)

Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

4. But oh! beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

XXXIII. THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

Jane Taylor (*b.* 1783, *d.* 1824) was born in London. Her mother was a writer of some note. In connection with her sister Ann, Jane Taylor wrote several juvenile works of more than ordinary excellence. Among them were "Hymns for Infant Minds" and "Original Poems." Besides these, she wrote "Display, a Tale," "Essays in Rhyme," and "Contributions of QQ." Her writings are graceful, and often contain a useful moral.

1. An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

2. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who spoke thus: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the

general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was upon the very point of striking. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

3. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me, — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward year after year, as I do."

4. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you above there can give me the exact sum."

5. The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue anyone; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it was no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

6. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such

a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

7. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

8. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

9. Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

10. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. In'sti-tūt-ed, *commenced, began.* Pro-tĕst'ed, *solemnly declared.* 4. Căl'cu-lāt-ing, *reckoning, computing.* 5. Prŏs'-pect, *anticipation, that to which one looks forward.* 6. Ha-răngue'

(*pro.* ha-răng′), *speech.* Il-lŭs′trāte, *to make clear, to exemplify.* 7. Ex-ĕr′tion (*pro.* egz-ĕr′shun), *effort.* 8. Ex′e-cūte, *to complete, to finish.* Con-sĭd-er-ā′tion, *reason.*

XXXIV. THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

William Cullen Bryant (*b.* 1794, *d.* 1878) was born in Cummington, Mass. He entered Williams College at the age of sixteen, but was honorably dismissed at the end of two years. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession successfully for nine years. In 1826 he removed to New York, and became connected with the "Evening Post"—a connection which continued to the time of his death. His residence for more than thirty of the last years of his life was at Roslyn, Long Island. He visited Europe several times; and in 1849 he continued his travels into Egypt and Syria.

In all his poems, Mr. Bryant exhibits a remarkable love for, and a careful study of, nature. His language, both in prose and verse, is always chaste, correct, and elegant. "Thanatopsis," perhaps the best known of all his poems, was written when he was but nineteen. His excellent translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" of Homer, and some of his best poems, were written after he had passed the age of seventy. He retained his powers and his activity till the close of his life.

1. The melancholy days are come,
   The saddest of the year,
   Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
   And meadows brown and sear.
   Heaped in the hollows of the grove
   The autumn leaves lie dead;
   They rustle to the eddying gust,
   And to the rabbit's tread.
   The robin and the wren are flown,
   And from the shrubs the jay,
   And from the wood top calls the crow
   Through all the gloomy day.

2. Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
   That lately sprang and stood
   In brighter light and softer airs,
   A beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie;
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
The lovely ones again.

3. The windflower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill, the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen,

4. And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard.
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

5. And then I think of one, who in
Her youthful beauty died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Wāil'ing, *lamenting, mourning.* Sēar, *dry, withered.* 3. Glāde, *an open place in the forest.* Glĕn, *a valley, a dale.* 4. Un-meet', *improper, unfitting.*

LESSON XXV.

1. Hom'age; *n.* reverence and service paid by a subject to his king.
1. Bar'on; *n.* a lord; a nobleman.
1. Duch'y; *n.* the territory of a duke.
1. Bark; *n.* a vessel; a small ship.
2. Reck'less; *adj.* thoughtless.
3. Fes'tal; *adj.* pertaining to a feast; gay.
3. Tour'ney; *n.* (pro. *turn'y*) a kind of sport in which persons tried their courage and skill in fighting with the lance and sword.
3. Min'strel; *n.* one who sings, and plays on an instrument.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

Pronounce correctly. Do not say *Eng-lund* for Eng-land, (pro. ing land); *re-cog'-niz'd* for rec'-og-nized; *hull* for whole; *heerd*[1] for heard;[3] *glo-rus* for glo-ri-ous; *min-strul* for min-strel; *toorn-y* for tourn-ey, (pro. turn-y.)

Henry I, king of England, who commenced his reign A. D. 1100, had a son called William, a brave and noble-minded youth, who had arrived at his eighteenth year. The king loved him most tenderly, and took care to have him †recognized as his successor by the states of

England, and carried him over to Normandy, in the north of France, to receive the homage of the barons of that duchy. On the prince's return, the vessel in which he †embarked was †wrecked. He was placed in a boat and might have escaped, had he not been called back by the cries of his sister. He †prevailed on the sailors to row back and take her in; but no sooner had the boat approached the wreck, than numbers who had been left, jumped into it, and the whole were drowned. King Henry, when he heard of the death of his son, fainted away, and from that moment, *he never smiled again.*

1. The bark that held the prince went down,
   The sweeping waves rolled on˘;
   And what was England's glorious crown
   To him that wept a son?
   He lived˘—for life may long be borne´,
   Ere sorrow breaks its chain˘;
   Still comes not death to those who mourn;
   He never smiled again!

2. There stood proud forms before his throne,
   The †stately and the brave;
   But which could fill the place of one?
   Thāt ōne benēath thē wāve.
   Before´ him, passed the young and fair
   In pleasure's reckless †train˘;
   But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair;
   He never smiled again!

3. He sat where festal bowls went round˘.
   He heard the minstrel˘ sing;
   He saw the tourney's victor crowned
   Amid the mighty ring˘;
   A †murmur of the †restless deep
   Mingled with every strain,
   A voice of winds that would not sleep:
   He never smiled again!

4. Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the †trace
   Of †vows once fondly poured˘:

And †*strangers* took the †*kinsman's*´ place,
At many a †joyous board`;
Graves´, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain`;
Fresh hopes were born for other years;
He never smiled again!

EXERCISES.—Relate the event upon which this poem is founded. How long since did it happen? Where is Normandy? Explain the meaning of the third stanza. How should the fourth line of the second stanza be read? For whom does "he" stand, in the last line of each stanza?

Give the rule for each inflection marked.

EXERCISE XIII.

Prolong the sounds of the vowels that are italicized.

E-rr, *a*-ll, *a*-ge, *a*-rm, *o*-ld, *ou*-r, *ee*-l, b-*oy*, *i*-sle.

Our *Fa*-ther, who *art* in Heaven. W*oe* unto th*ee*, Chorazin! W*oe* unto th*ee*, Bethsaida!

LESSON XXXI.

1. At-test′; *v.* to bear witness to.
3. Ac′tion; *n.* a claim made before a court.
3. As-siz′es; *n.* a court of justice.
6. Plaint′iff; *n.* the person who commences a suit at court.
7. Pre-ca′ri-ous; *adj.* uncertain.
7. Ju′ry-man; *n.* one who serves on a jury, and whose business it is to hear the evidence and decide which party is right in any given case.
7. Ex-cept′; *v.* to object.
10. Dex′trous; *a.* skillful; artful.
10. Ad-du′ced; *v.* brought forward in argument.
11. Plead′er; *n.* one that argues in a court of justice.
11. De-pos′ed; *v.* gave evidence on oath.
11. Ver′dict; *n.* the decision of a jury concerning the matter referred to them.
12. Fore′man; *n.* the chief man of a jury.
14. Dem-on-stra′tion; *n.* certain proof.
15. Soph′ist-ry; *n.* false reasoning.

THE JUST JUDGE.

Pronounce correctly the following words in this lesson. Do not say *fel-ler* for fel-*low*; *ven-tur* nor *ven-tshur* for vent-*ure*, (pro. vent-yur); *stim-my-la-ted* for stim-*u*-la-ted; *thou-sun* for thou-sa*nd*; *back-wud* for back-*ward*; *for-ud* for for-*ward*; *ig-ner-unt* for ig-no-rant; *el-er-qunce* for el-*o*-quence; *lev-un* for *e*-lev-*en*, (pro. e-lev'n).

1. A gentleman who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest, being of a †rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died; when the younger son, destroying his will, seized

upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and †bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

2. In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in †destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an †impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose´ it, it will bring me into †disgrace, as all the wealth and †evidence are on your brother's side.

3. "However, I will undertake it on this condition; you shall enter into an †obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose´ it, I know the consequences`; and I venture with my eyes open`." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

4. The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being †stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief-Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge´, who was a great lover of justice´, heard the case attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power`.

5. The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed

to the miller to change *clothes*` with him. As the judge had a very good´ suit on, the man had no reason to object.

6. Accordingly, the Judge shifted from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and †procured good lodgings, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward, along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around` him; and when the court began to fill´, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff`.

7. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend´," said he, "how is your cause like to go` to-day?" "Why, my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend´," replied the miller, "will you take my advice´? I will let you into a *secret*`, which perhaps you do not *know*`; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman out of the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your †privilege, without giving a reason, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

8. Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended at this liberty "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against *that* gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

9. The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a †confidence in the †superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir´, as you claim your privilege in one´ instance, I will grant` it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in †consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"my

lord´, there is that *miller*` in the court; we will have *him*`, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

10. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a dextrous little fellow came into the apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of each of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have *you*` got?" "Ten pieces`," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

11. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counselors pleaded upon this †accumulated †evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation; "and now, gentlemen of the jury´," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

12. They waited but for a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen´, are you agreed? and who shall speak` for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord´," replied one, "and our foreman` shall speak for us." "Hold`, my lord´," replied the miller; "we are *not*` all agreed." "Why`?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with *you*`*?* What reasons have *you*` for disagreeing?"

13. "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller: "the first is, they have given to each of these gentlemen of the jury *ten´* broad pieces of gold, and to me but *five`;* which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the †contradictory evidence of the wit-

nesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such a vast penetration of judgment, such †extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

14. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the †iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are not worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

15. Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; †unraveled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

EXERCISES.—What were the circumstances under which the younger brother took possession of his father's estate? How did he treat his elder brother upon his return? What did the elder brother do? What plan did Chief-Justice Hale pursue? What influenced him to take all this trouble?

EXERCISE XVI.

In the following words, sound the last consonant distinctly.

(After such exercises as this, it will be necessary to guard against a drawling style of reading).

Or-*b*, ai-*d*, fa-*g*, Geor-*ge*, a-*ll*, ai-*m*, ow-*n*, li-*p*, wa-*r*, hi-*ss*, ha-*t*, gi-*ve*, a-*dd*, so-*ng*, brea-*th*, tru-*th*, pu-*sh*, bir-*ch*.

Mo-*b*, la-*d*, ru-*f*, ha-*g*, ca-*ge*, ta-*ck*, fi-*ll*, ri-*m*, si-*n*, ho-*p*, fa-*r*, pa-*ce*, hi-*t*, ha-*ve*, ha-*s*, pa-*ng*, ba-*nk*, soo-*the*, pi-*th*, wi-*sh*, ri-*ch*.

LESSON XXXVIII.

1. TEM'PER-ED; *adj.* softened.
3. E-THE'RE-AL; *adj.* heavenly; formed of ether.
3. SE-REN'I-TY; *n.* calmness; quietness.
3. BUOY'AN-CY; *n.* (pro. *bwoy-an-cy*), lightness.
3. EN-CHANT'MENT, *n.* the use of spells or charms.
3. COL-ON-NADES'; *n.* rows of columns.
3. RA'DI-ANCE; *n.* brightness.
4. PA-VIL'ION; *n.* a tent; *here* a kind of tower on the top of the castle.
4. PAR'A-PET; *n.* a wall or elevation raised to keep off shot.
5. CAS'TA-NET; *n.* an instrument of music made of hollowed ivory shells.
5. CAV-A-LIER'; *n.* a gay military man; a knight.
6. REV'ER-IE; *n.* a loose, irregular train of thought.

THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.

The palace or castle called the Alhambra, consists of the remains of a very extensive and ancient pile of buildings in Spain, erected by the Moors when they were rulers of the country.

ARTICULATE distinctly. Do not say *pro-duce* for pro-duced; *wich* for which; *wen* for when; *per-fec-ly* for per-fect-ly; *wite-ness* for white-ness; *soun's* for sounds; *pal'ces* for pal-*a*-ces.

1. I HAVE given a picture of my †apartment on my first taking possession of it: a few evenings have produced a thorough change in the scene and in my feelings. The moon, which then was invisible, has grad-

ually gained upon the nights, and now rolls in full †splendor above the towers, pouring a flood of tempered light into every court and hall. The garden beneath my window is gently lighted up; the orange and citron trees are tipped with silver; the fountain sparkles in the moonbeams; and even the blush of the rose is faintly visible.

2. I have sat for hours at my window, †inhaling the sweetness of the garden, and musing on the †checkered features of those, whose history is dimly shadowed out in the elegant †memorials around. Sometimes, I have issued forth at midnight, when every thing was quiet, and have wandered over the whole building. Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place?

3. The †temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer, is perfectly ethereal. We seem lifted up into a purer atmosphere; there is a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, an elasticity of frame, that render mere *existence* enjoyment. The effect of moonlight, too, on the Alhambra, has something like enchantment. Every rent and chasm of time, every †moldering tint and weather stain, disappears; the marble resumes its original whiteness; the long colonnades brighten in the moonbeams; the halls are illuminated with a softened radiance, until the whole †edifice reminds one of the †enchanted palace of an Arabian tale.

4. At such a time, I have ascended to the little pavilion, called the queen's toilet, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam, like silver clouds, against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of Tecador, and gaze down upon Grenada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine.

5. Sometimes, I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party of dancers lingering in the Ala-

meda; at other times, I have heard the †dubious notes of a guitar, and the notes of a single voice rising from some †solitary street, and have pictured to myself some youthful cavalier, †serenading his lady's window; a gallant †custom of former days, but now sadly on the decline, except in the †remote towns and villages of Spain.

6. Such are the scenes that have detained me for many an hour loitering about the courts and balconies of the castle, enjoying that mixture of reverie and †sensation which steal away existence in a southern climate, and it has been almost morning before I have retired to my bed, and been †lulled to sleep by the falling waters of the fountain of Lindaraxa.

EXERCISES.—What and where is the Alhambra? Describe the effect of moonlight upon its appearance. Where are the mountains which are called Sierra Nevada? Where is Andalusia? What is the national instrument of the Spaniards?

LESSON LIX.

Ex-act′; *v.* to compel to pay.
For′feit; *n.* that to which the right is lost by breach of contract.
Car′ri-on; *adj.* putrid.
Duc′at; *n.* a piece of money worth from one to two dollars.
Hu′mor; *n.* disposition; fancy.
Ban′ed; *v.* poisoned.
Gap′ing; *adj.* open-mouthed.
Strain′ed; *v.* forced.
Ex-po-si′tion; *n.* explanation.
Nom′i-nat-ed; *v.* named.
Pen′al-ty; *n.* the suffering or loss to which one is subjected by not fulfilling certain conditions.
Con′fis-cate; *adj.* taken away and devoted to the public use.
Al′ien; *n.* (pro. *ale′yen*), one who is not entitled to the privilege of a citizen.
Cof′fer; *n.* treasury.
Ten′or; *n.* meaning.

SHYLOCK, OR THE POUND OF FLESH.

Remark.—Let the pupil stand at a distance from the teacher, and try to read so loud and distinctly, that the teacher may hear each syllable.

Articulate distinctly. Do not say *pen′lt-y* for pen-*al*-ty; *qual′ty* for qual-*i*-ty; *per-j′ry* for per-*ju*-ry; *law-f′ly* for law-*ful*-ly; *ex-p′si-tion* for ex-po-si-tion; *prin-c′p′l* for prin-*ci*-pal; *in-d′rect* for in-di-rect.

Judge. What! is Antonio here?
Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Ju. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony †adversary, an inhuman wretch,
†Incapable of pity.

Ant. I am armed to suffer.

[*Enter Shylock.*]

Ju. Dost thou now exact the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh?

Shy. By our holy Sabbath, I have sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

Ju. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the †current of thy †cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humor. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
As there is no firm reason to be †rendered,
Why one can not abide a gaping pig;
Another, a harmless, †necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, and I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

Ju. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Ant. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Ju. How shalt thou hope for mercy, †rendering none?

Shy. The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; is mine; and I will have it:
If you deny me, fy upon your law!

I stand for †judgment; answer; shall I have it?

Ju. Antonio, do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Ju. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what †compulsion *must* I? tell me *that.*

Ju. The quality of mercy is not †strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I †crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Ju. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Ant. Yes, here I tender it to him in the court;
Yea, twice and thrice the sum.

Shy. I'll have my bond, I will not take thy offer.

Ju. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a †decree †established.

Shy. O wise, wise Judge, how do I honor thee!

Ju. I pray you let me look upon the bond.

(*Gives it to the Judge.*)

Shy. Here 'tis, most †reverend doctor,* here it is.

Ju. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have in Heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Ju. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart; be merciful;
Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
You know the law, your †exposition
Hath been most sound.
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stand here on my bond.

---

*This word here means a learned man.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Ju. Why, then, thus it is.
You must prepare you bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble Judge!

Ju. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due unto the bond.

Shy. 'T is very true: O wise and upright Judge!

Ju. Therefore, lay bare your bosom. (*To Antonio.*)

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond; does it not, noble Judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Ju. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Ju. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge.
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so *nominated* in the bond?

Ju. It is not so *expressed;* but what of *that?*
'Twere good you do so much in *charity.*

Shy. I can not find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Ju. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armed and well prepared.

Ju. Shylock! A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine!
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful Judge!

Ju. And you must cut the flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned Judge! A sentence: come, prepare.

Ju. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are. a pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the law of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Shy. Is that the law?

Ju. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be †assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Ju. The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste!
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou not blood; nor cut thou less nor more,
Than just one pound; be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor †scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the †estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Why doth the Jew pause? take thy †forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my †principal, and let me go.

Ju. Thou hast refused it in the open court;
Thou shalt have merely justice, and the bond.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my †principal?

Ju. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Ju. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect †attempts,
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth †contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods; and the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the court only.

Shy. Take my life, then, and all, and pardon not that.
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means by which I live.

Ju. The court in mercy spares thy life,
But the forfeiture of thy estate,
Comes not within our power to †remedy;
The law is strict in its demands of justice.
Are you †contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; O give me leave to go
Where I may die in peace:
Since what I hold dearer than my life,
Is taken from me.

Ju. The court has mercy on your life;
Go, repent, and live,
And with a softer heart, remember mercy too.

EXERCISES.—Why did Shylock choose the pound of flesh rather than the payment of his debt? What does he mean by saying "my deeds upon my head?" In whose favor does the judge decide? How does he eventually relieve Antonio from his danger? How is Shylock punished? Was his punishment just? Why?

In the last three lines, which are the verbs? Which of them is in the indicative mode? Which are in the imperative mode? What does the word *indicative* mean? Why is this mode so called? What does the word *imperative* mean? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar, page 68, Art. 163.

EXERCISE XXVII.

When similar sounds come at the end of one word, and at the beginning of the next, they must not be blended.

He sink*s* *s*orrowing to the tomb. Man love*s* *s*ociety. Time flie*s* *s*wiftly. The bird*s* *s*ing. Man *n*ever dies. The heart *t*urns away. The lip *p*ants. The dim *m*ournful light *t*ries vainly to enter. The quick creak comes grating. Give vantage ground.

XXXVIII. THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

1. "How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

2. Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.

3. So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store,
And 't was in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

4. From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

5. And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.

6. Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

(5.—9.)

7. The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;

8. Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying, and deafening the ear with its sound.

9. Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,

And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

10. Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling;

11. And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

— *Abridged from Southey.*

Definitions. — 4. Tärn, *a small lake among the mountains.* Fĕll (provincial English), *a stony hill.* Gills (provincial English), *brooks.* 10. Brąwl'ing, *roaring.* Rīv'ing, *splitting.*

Notes. — 1. *Lodore* is a cascade on the banks of Lake Derwentwater, in Cumberland, England, near where Southey lived.

3. *Laureate.* The term probably arose from a custom in the English universities of presenting a laurel wreath to graduates in rhetoric and versification. In England the poet laureate's office is filled by appointment of the lord chamberlain. The salary is quite small, and the office is valued chiefly as one of honor.

This lesson is peculiarly adapted for practice on the difficult sound *ing.*

XL. ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

1. Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee."

2. Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee."

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can
Chee, chee, chee."

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,

Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee."

7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee."

8. Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee."

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

XLII. FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

Thomas Hood (*b.* 1798, *d.* 1845) was the son of a London bookseller. After leaving school he undertook to learn the art of an engraver, but soon turned his attention to literature. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the "London Magazine." Hood is best known as a humorist; but some of his poems are full of the tenderest pathos; and a gentle, humane spirit pervades even his lighter productions. He was poor, and during the last years of his life suffered much from ill health. Some of his most humorous pieces were written on a sick bed.

1. Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
   And used to war's alarms;
   But a cannon ball took off his legs,
   So he laid down his arms!

2. Now, as they bore him off the field,
   Said he, "Let others shoot,
   For here I leave my second leg,
   And the Forty-second Foot!"

3. The army surgeons made him limbs;
   Said he, "They're only pegs:
   But there's as wooden members quite,
   As represent my legs!"

4. Now Ben, he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his *devoirs*,
When he'd devoured his pay.

5. But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

6. "O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"

7. Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

8. "Before you had these timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

9. "O false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet — some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

10. "I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; — alas!
You will not be my NELL!"

11. Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!

12. So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

13. One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

14. And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town:
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

DEFINITIONS. — 4. De-voirs′ (French, *pro.* dĕ-vwôr′), *respects, compliments.* 5. Seŏff, *an object of ridicule.* 6. U′ni-form (adj.), *consistent,* (noun) *military dress.* 7. Blīthe, *merry, gay.*

NOTES. — 2. *Forty-second Foot.* Infantry in the army is spoken of as "the foot," and the "Forty-second Foot" means the Forty-second Regiment of Infantry.

3. *Members.* Persons elected to Parliament in Great Britain are called "Members," and are said to *represent* those who elect them.

12. *The Line* is another name for the regular infantry.

XLIII. THE GENEROUS RUSSIAN PEASANT.

1. Let Vergil sing the praises of Augustus, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol the talents of the great. "The short and simple annals of the poor" engross my pen; and while I record the history of Flor Silin's virtues, though I speak of a poor peasant, I shall describe a noble man. I ask no eloquence to assist me in the task; modest worth rejects the aid of ornament to set it off.

2. It is impossible, even at this distant period, to reflect without horror on the miseries of that year known in Lower Volga by the name of the "Famine Year." I remember the summer, whose scorching heats had dried up all the fields, and the drought had no relief but from the tears of the ruined farmer.

3. I remember the cold, comfortless autumn, and the despairing rustics, crowding round their empty barns, with folded arms and sorrowful countenances, pondering on their misery, instead of rejoicing, as usual, at the golden harvest. I remember the winter which succeeded, and I reflect with agony on the miseries it brought with it. Whole families left their homes to become beggars on the highway.

4. At night the canopy of heaven served them as their only shelter from the piercing winds and bitter frost. To describe these scenes would be to harm the feelings of my readers; therefore, to my tale. In those days I lived on an estate not far from Simbirsk; and, though but a child, I have not forgotten the impression made on my mind by the general calamity.

5. In a village adjoining lived Flor Silin, a poor, laboring peasant, — a man remarkable for his assiduity and the skill and judgment with which he cultivated his lands. He was blessed with abundant crops; and his means being

larger than his wants, his granaries, even at this time, were full of corn. The dry year coming on had beggared all the village except himself. Here was an opportunity to grow rich. Mark how Flor Silin acted. Having called the poorest of his neighbors about him, he addressed them in the following manner:

6. "My friends, you want corn for your subsistence. God has blessed me with abundance. Assist in thrashing out a quantity, and each of you take what he wants for his family." The peasants were amazed at this unexampled generosity; for sordid propensities exist in the village as well as in the populous city.

7. The fame of Flor Silin's benevolence having reached other villages, the famished inhabitants presented themselves before him, and begged for corn. This good creature received them as brothers; and, while his store remained, afforded all relief. At length, his wife, seeing no end to the generosity of his noble spirit, reminded him how necessary it would be to think of their own wants, and hold his lavish hand before it was too late. "It is written in the Scripture," said he, "'Give, and it shall be given unto you.'"

8. The following year Providence listened to the prayers of the poor, and the harvest was abundant. The peasants who had been saved from starving by Flor Silin now gathered around him.

9. "Behold," said they, "the corn you lent us. You saved our wives and children. We should have been famished but for you; may God reward you; he only can; all we have to give is our corn and grateful thanks." "I want no corn at present, my good neighbors," said he; "my harvest has exceeded all my expectations; for the rest, thank heaven: I have been but an humble instrument."

10. They urged him in vain. "No," said he, "I shall not accept your corn. If you have superfluities, share them

among your poor neighbors, who, being unable to sow their fields last autumn, are still in want; let us assist them, my dear friends; the Almighty will bless us for it." "Yes," replied the grateful peasants, "our poor neighbors shall have this corn. They shall know it is to you that they owe this timely succor, and join to teach their children the debt of gratitude due to your benevolent heart." Silin raised his tearful eyes to heaven. An angel might have envied him his feelings.

— *Nikolai Karamzin.*

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Ex-tŏl′, *to elevate by praise.* An′nals, *history of events.* En-grōss′, *to occupy wholly.* El′o-quençe, *the power of speaking well.* 2. Drought (*pro.* drout), *want of rain or water.* 4. Es-tāte′, *property in land.* 5. Grăn′a-ry, *a storehouse for grain.* 6. Sub-sĭst′ençe, *means of support.* Pro-pĕn′si-tieṣ, *bent of mind, inclination.* 10. Sū-per-flū′i-tieṣ, *greater quantities than are wanted.* Sŭe′eor, *aid, help.*

NOTES. — 1. *Vergil* was the greatest of Roman poets. He was born in the year 70 B.C., and died 19 B.C.

Augustus Cæsar was emperor of Rome in the latter portion of Vergil's life, and received many compliments in the verses of his friend the poet.

2. *Lower Volga* is a district in eastern Russia, bordering on the Caspian Sea, and takes its name from the river Volga.

4. *Simbirsk* is a town of eastern Russia, on the Volga.

XLIV. FORTY YEARS AGO.

1. I'VE wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green,
Just forty years ago.

2. The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Some forty years ago.

3. The old schoolhouse is altered some;
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our jackknives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'T was forty years ago.

4. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 't was once so high
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I 've changed
Since forty years ago.

5. Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom;
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;
'T was dying sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
Died forty years ago.

6. My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes:
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

7. Some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we 'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

XLV. MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE.

Douglas Jerrold (*b.* 1803, *d.* 1857) was born in London. A midshipman's appointment was obtained for him, but he quit the naval service in a few years. He was then apprenticed to a printer. By improving his leisure hours he made himself master of several languages, and formed the habit of expressing his thoughts in writing. An essay on the opera of Der Freischütz was his first published literary production. Before he was twenty-one years of age, he wrote "Black-eyed Susan," one of the most popular dramas of modern times. Several other popular plays followed this. He was a regular contributor to the London "Punch," from the second number, and edited, at different times, several papers and magazines. As a humorist, he occupies the first rank. The most noted of his works are his plays, and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Saint Giles and Saint James," "Bubbles of a Day," and "Chronicles of Clovernook."

1. Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It 's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *did n't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It's a pity you hav'n't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my

thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt — what do you cry "*oh*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! — what with buttons, and one thing and another, — they'd never tie themselves up, — no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? — Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

5. And it's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

6. However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'.n't trouble you a great while. Ha! you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference then.

Yes, Caudle, you 'll think of me then; for then, I hope, you 'll never have a blessed button to your back.

7. No, I 'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle: nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That 's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It 's a good thing I 'm not as worrying as you are, or a nice house there 'd be between us. I only wish you 'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! Then you 'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

8. And a pretty example you set as a father! You 'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! and of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up! And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man would n't have mentioned it. *Why don't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I 'm to have my peace of mind destroyed — I 'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I 'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that 's just like you men!

9. But I know what I 'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you 'll do then! Oh, *you must get somebody else to sew 'em*, must you? That 's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to his wife! And to *such* a wife as I 've been, too: such a slave to your buttons, as I may say. *Somebody else to sew 'em?* No, Caudle, no; not while I 'm alive! When I 'm dead — and, with what I have to bear, there 's no knowing how soon that may be — when I 'm dead, I say — oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

10. *You 're not snoring?* Ha! that 's what you always

say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing now! Nothing at all! It 's what people have always told me it would come to; and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Caudle, you've a heart like a hearthstone, you have!

DEFINITIONS. — 5. Ag'gra-vāt-ing, *provoking, irritating.* 6. Sink'-ing, *failing in strength.* 7. Vin-die'tīve, *revengeful.* 8. Pal'try, *mean, contemptible.*

XLVI. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1. UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7. Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

— *Longfellow.*

LVIII. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

1. By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

2. These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

3. From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

4. So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

6. Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

7. No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

— *F. M. Finch.*

NOTE. — The above touching little poem first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" in September, 1867. It commemorates the noble action on the part of the women at Columbus, Miss., who in decorating the graves strewed flowers impartially on those of the Confederate and of the Federal soldiers.

LX. MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

James Montgomery (*b.* 1771, *d.* 1854) was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland. His father, a Moravian preacher, sent him to a Moravian school at Fulneck, Yorkshire, England, to be educated. In 1794 he started "The Sheffield Iris," a weekly paper, which he edited, with marked ability, till 1825. He was fined and imprisoned twice for publishing articles decided to be seditions. His principal poetical works are "The World before the Flood," "Greenland," "The West Indies," "The Wanderer in Switzerland," "The Pelican Island," and "Original Hymns, for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." Mr. Montgomery's style is generally too diffuse; but its smoothness and the evident sincerity of his emotions have made many of his hymns and minor poems very popular. A pension of £300 a year was granted to him in 1833.

1. "MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried;
   Made way for Liberty, and died!

2. In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust then frames should wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove,
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

3. Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

4. Opposed to these, a hovering band,
Contending for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead or living Tell!

5. And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

6. It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield;
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

7. It did depend on *one*, indeed:
Behold him! Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;

And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 't was no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

8. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

9. Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

10. Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

DEFINITIONS. — 2. Phā'lanx, *a body of troops formed in close array.* Cŏn'scioŭs, *sensible, knowing.* Kĭn'dred, *those of like nature, relatives.* Răm'pärt, *that which defends from assault, a bulwark.* 3. Im-prĕg'na-ble, *that can not be moved or shaken.* Hŏr'rent, *standing out like bristles.* 4. In-sûr'gent, *rising in opposition to authority.* 6. An-nī'hi-lātes, *destroys.* 7. Rụ-mi-nā'tion, *the act of musing, meditation.* 9. Brēach, *a gap or opening made by breaking.*

NOTES. — The incident related in this poem is one of actual occurrence, and took place at the battle of Sempach, fought in 1386 A.D., between only 1,300 Swiss and a large army of Austrians. The latter had obtained possession of a narrow pass in the mountains, from which it seemed impossible to dislodge them until Arnold von Winkelried made a breach in their line, as narrated.

Rinaldo is a knight in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" (Canto XVIII, 17–40), who enters an enchanted wood, and, by cutting down a tree in spite of the nymphs and phantoms that endeavor in every way to stop him, breaks the spell; the Christian army are thus enabled to enter the grove and obtain timber for their engines of war.

LXIV. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

Daniel Webster (*b.* 1782, *d.* 1852) was born in Salisbury, N.H. He spent a few months of his boyhood at Phillips Academy, Exeter, but fitted for college under Rev. Samuel Wood, of Boscawen, N.H. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1801. He taught school several terms, during and after his college course. In 1805, he was admitted to the bar in Boston, and practiced law in New Hampshire for the succeeding eleven years. In 1812, he was elected to the United States House of Representatives. In 1816, he removed to Boston, and in 1827 was elected to the United States Senate, which position he held for twelve years. In 1841, he was appointed Secretary of State. He returned to the Senate in 1845. In 1850, he was reappointed Secretary of State, and continued in office until his death. He died at his residence, in Marshfield, Mass. Mr. Webster's fame rests chiefly on his state papers and speeches. As a speaker he was dignified and stately, using clear, pure English. During all his life he took great interest in agriculture, and was very fond of outdoor sports.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But

"There 's a divinity that shapes our ends."

The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we

defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor! Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague, near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but *outlaws?*

2. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I *know* we do not mean to submit. We NEVER *shall submit!* Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty; may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

3. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us

on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things, which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former, she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, do we not change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory.

4. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people — the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

5. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let *them* see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

6. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see — I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a FREE *country.*

7. But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

8. Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall by my dying sentiment; independence *now,* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Rĕe-on-çĭl-i-ā′tion, *renewal of friendship.* Cŏl′lēague (*pro.* kŏl′lēg), *an associate in some civil office.* Proscribed′, *doomed to destruction, put out of the protection of the law.* Pre-dĕs′tĭned, *decreed beforehand.* Clĕm′en-çy, *mercy, indulgence.*

2. Tĭt'tle, *a small particle, a jot.* 3. Cŏn'tro-vĕr-sy, *dispute, debate.* 4. E-răd'i-cāt-ed, *rooted out.* Re-drĕss', *deliverance from wrong, injury, or oppression.* Chär'tered, *secured by an instrument in writing from a king or other proper authority.* Im-mū'ni-ty, *freedom from any duty, tax, imposition, etc.* 7. Cŏm'pen-sāte, *make amends for.*

Notes. — Mr. Webster, in a speech upon the life and character of John Adams, imagines some one opposed to the Declaration of Independence to have stated his fears and objections before Congress while deliberating on that subject. He then supposes Mr. Adams to have replied in the language above.

1. The quotation is from "Hamlet," *Act* V, *Scene* 2.

You, sir, who sit in that chair. This was addressed to John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress. *Our venerable colleague* refers to Samuel Adams. After the battles of Concord and Lexington, Governor Gage offered pardon to all the rebels who would lay down their arms, excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

LXV. THE RISING.

Thomas Buchanan Read (*b.* 1822, *d.* 1872) was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania. In 1839 he entered a sculptor's studio in Cincinnati, where he gained reputation as a portrait painter. He afterwards went to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and, in 1850, to Italy. He divided his time between Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Rome, in the later years of his life. Some of his poems are marked by vigor and strength, while others are distinguished by smoothness and delicacy. The following selection is abridged from "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."

1. Out of the North the wild news came,
   Far flashing on its wings of flame,
   Swift as the boreal light which flies
   At midnight through the startled skies.

2. And there was tumult in the air,
   The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
   And through the wide land everywhere
   The answering tread of hurrying feet,

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

3. The yeoman and the yoeman's son,
With knitted brows and sturdy dint,
Renewed the polish of each gun,
Reoiled the lock, reset the flint;
And oft the maid and matron there,
While kneeling in the firelight glare,
Long poured, with half-suspended breath,
The lead into the molds of death.

4. The hands by Heaven made silken soft
To soothe the brow of love or pain,
Alas! are dulled and soiled too oft
By some unhallowed earthly stain;
But under the celestial bound
No nobler picture can be found
Than woman, brave in word and deed,
Thus serving in her nation's need:
Her love is with her country now,
Her hand is on its aching brow.

5. Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood:
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

6. The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

7. He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

8. Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

9. A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

10. And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden soar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "WAR! WAR! WAR!"

11. "Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "*I!*"

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Bō're-al, *northern*. 3. Yeō'man, *a freeholder, a man freeborn*. Dint, *stroke*. 5. Măn'or, *a tract of land occupied by tenants*. Gĕn'tle (*pro.* jĕn'tl), *well born, of good family*. 7. Thēme, *a subject on which a person speaks or writes*. 8. Guīṣe, *external appearance in manner or dress*. 10. Sōar, *a towering flight*.

NOTES. — 2. *Forgot her . . . name*. The reference is to the meaning of the word "concord," — *harmony, union*.

4. *Celestial bound; i.e.*, the sky, heaven.

6. *The pastor*. This was John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, who was at this time a minister at Woodstock, in Virginia. He was a leading spirit among those opposed to Great Britain, and in 1775 he was elected colonel of a Virginia regiment. The above

poem describes his farewell sermon. At its close he threw off his ministerial gown, and appeared in full regimental dress. Almost every man in the congregation enlisted under him at the church door. Muhlenberg became a well-known general in the Revolution, and after the war served his country in Congress and in various official positions.

LXVII. WILLIAM TELL.

James Sheridan Knowles (*b.* 1784, *d.* 1862), a dramatist and actor, was born in Cork, Ireland. In 1792 his father removed to London with his family. At the age of fourteen, Sheridan wrote an opera called "The Chevalier de Grillon." In 1798 he removed to Dublin, and soon after began his career as an actor and author. In 1835 he visited America. In 1839 an annual pension of £200 was granted him by the British government. Several years before his death he left the stage and became a Baptist minister. The best known of his plays are "Caius Gracchus," "Virginius," "Leo, the Gypsy," "The Hunchback," and "William Tell," from the last of which the following two lessons are abridged.

SCENE 1. — *A Chamber in the Castle. Enter Gesler, Officers, and Sarnem, with Tell in chains and guarded.*

Sar. DOWN, slave! Behold the governor.
Down! down! and beg for mercy.
Ges. (*Seated.*) Does he hear?
Sar. He does, but braves thy power.
Officer. Why don't you smite him for that look?
Ges. Can I believe
My eyes? He smiles! Nay, grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. (*To Tell.*)
Why speakest thou not?
Tell. For wonder.
Ges. Wonder?
Tell. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.
Ges. What should I seem?
Tell. A monster.
Ges. Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.
Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains?
How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?
Tell. Darest thou not answer?
Ges. Do I hear?
Tell. Thou dost.
Ges. Beware my vengeance!
Tell. Can it more than kill?
Ges. Enough; it can do that.
Tell. No; not enough:
It can not take away the grace of life;
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives;
Its port erect with consciousness of truth;
Its rich attire of honorable deeds;
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues;
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck the brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.
Ges. But it can make thee writhe.
Tell. It may.
Ges. And groan.
Tell. It may; and I may cry
Go on, though it should make me groan again.
Ges. Whence comest thou?
Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from thence?
Ges. Canst tell me any?
Tell. Ay: they watch no more the avalanche.
Ges. Why so?
Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.
Ges. What do they then?
Tell. Thank heaven it is not thou!
Thou hast perverted nature in them.
There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee — doth wither to a curse.
Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,

That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay! when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From heaven!

Ges. From heaven?

Tell. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee, on the mountains.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son? Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy — (*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

Tell. The boy? What boy?
Is 't mine? and have they netted my young fledgeling?
Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own me,
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard — yet how to give it!
Now heart, thy nerve; forget thou 'rt flesh, be rock.
They come, they come!
That step — that step — that little step, so light
Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall
Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries.*)
'T is he! We can but perish.

(5.—14.)

Alb. (*Aside.*) Yes; I was right. It is my father's bow!
For there's my father! I'll not own him though!
Sar. See!
Alb. What?
Sar. Look there!
Alb. I do, what would you have me see?
Sar. Thy father.
Alb. Who? That — that my father?
Tell. My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!
He's safe! (*Aside.*)
Sar. (*Aside to Gesler.*) They're like each other.
Ges. Yet I see no sign
Of recognition to betray the link
Unites a father and his child.
Sar. My lord,
I am sure it is his father. Look at them.
That boy did spring from him; or never cast
Came from the mold it fitted! It may be
A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance,
That they survey each other coldly thus.
Ges. We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff.
Sar. To a dungeon?
Ges. No; into the court.
Sar. The court, my lord?
Ges. And send
To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!
The slave shall die! You marked the boy?
Sar. I did. He started; 't is his father.
Ges. We shall see. Away with him!
Tell. Stop! Stop!
Ges. What would you?
Tell. Time, —
A little time to call my thoughts together!
Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.
Tell. Some one, then, to speak with.
Ges. Hence with him!

Tell. A moment! Stop!
Let me speak to the boy.
Ges. Is he thy son?
Tell. And if
He were, art thou so lost to nature, as
To send me forth to die before his face?
Ges. Well! speak with him.
Now, Sarnem, mark them well.
Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son
About thy age. Thou,
I see, wast born, like him, upon the hills:
If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thraldom, he
May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee
Relate to him what has been passing here,
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee, if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him. Mayst thou live, my boy,
To see thy country free, or die for her,
As I do! (*Albert weeps.*)
Sar. Mark! he weeps.
Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear! He would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms' depth of nether air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning, eye to eye; where last
We spoke together, when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake. He shed a tear!
Now were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye—
I'd talk to him—
Sar. He falters!
Tell. 'T is too much!
And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—

Ges. Of what?
Tell. The mother, tyrant, thou dost make
A widow of! I'd talk to him of her.
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced.
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!
Sar. You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.
Tell. So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.
My boy! my boy! Oh, for the hills, the hills,
To see him bound along their tops again,
With liberty.
Sar. Was there not all the father in that look?
Ges. Yet 't is 'gainst nature.
Sar. Not if he believes
To own the son would be to make him share
The father's death.
Ges. I did not think of that! 'T is well
The boy is not thy son. I've destined him
To die along with thee.
Tell. To die? For what?
Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast. Lead them forth.
Tell. He's but a child.
Ges. Away with them!
Tell. Perhaps an only child.
Ges. No matter.
Tell. He may have a mother.
Ges. So the viper hath;
And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake?
Tell. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though
'T were flesh; and know 't is none. I'll talk to it
No more. Come, my boy;
I taught thee how to live, I'll show thee how to die.
Ges. He is thy child?

Tell. He is my child. (*Weeps.*)
Ges. I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name?
Tell. My name?
It matters not to keep it from thee now;
My name is Tell.
Ges. Tell? William Tell?
Tell. The same.
Ges. What! he, so famed 'bove all his countrymen,
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 't is said
His arrows never miss! Indeed! I'll take
Exquisite vengeance! Mark! I'll spare thy life;
Thy boy's too; both of you are free; on one
Condition.
Tell. Name it.
Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make.
Ges. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look upon my boy? What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it? Guessed the trial
You'd have me make? Guessed it
Instinctively? You do not mean — no — no,
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Ges. No.
Tell. No? I'll send the arrow through the core!
Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great heaven, you hear him!
Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give:
Such trial of the skill thou art master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.
Tell. O, monster!
Ges. Wilt thou do it?
Alb. He will! he will!
Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!
Ges. Take off his chains if he consent.
Tell. With his own hand!
Ges. Does he consent?
Alb. He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains; Tell unconscious what they do.*)
Tell. With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand? This hand?
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by?
'T is beyond horror! 'T is most horrible!
Amazement! (*His chains fall off.*) What 's that you 've done to me?
Villains! put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's! Here! here! I 'll
Not murder my boy for Gesler.
Alb. Father! Father!
You will not hit me, father!
Tell. Hit thee? Send
The arrow through thy brain? Or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye? Or, if thine eye escape,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses? Hit thee? Hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart?
Ges. Dost thou consent?
Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.
Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!
Alb. No, father, no!
To save me! You'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth;
I'll make the trial!
Alb. Thank you!
Tell. Thank me? Do
You know for what? I will not make the trial.
To take him to his mother in my arms!
And lay him down a corse before her!
Ges. Then he dies this moment, and you certainly
Do murder him whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.
Tell. Well, I'll do it; I'll make the trial.
Alb. Father!
Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice: thou must be dumb,
And so should all things be. Earth should be dumb;
And heaven — unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop! Give me
My bow and quiver!
Ges. When all's ready.
Tell. Ready! —
I must be calm with such a mark to hit!
Don't touch me, child! — Don't speak to me! — Lead on!

DEFINITIONS. — Cŏme'li-ness, *that which is becoming or graceful.* Pōrt, *manner of movement or walk.* At-tīre', *dress, clothes.* Tär'-nish, *to soil, to sully.* Av'a-lănçhe, *a vast body of snow, earth, and ice, sliding down from a mountain.* Vouch-sāfes', *yields, condescends, gives.* Wạn'ton, *luxuriant.* Nĕt'ted, *caught in a net.* Flĕdġe'ling, *a young bird.* Rĕe-ōg-nĭ'tion, *acknowledgment of acquaintance.* Pre-con-çērt'ed, *planned beforehand.* Cāi'tĭff (*pro.* kā'tif), *a mean villain.* Thrạl'dŏm, *bondage, slavery.* Seăn, *to examine closely.* Nĕth'er, *lower, lying beneath.* Blănch, *to turn white.* Gŭst, *taste, relish.*

NOTE. — *William Tell* is a legendary hero of Switzerland. The events of this drama are represented as occurring in 1307 A.D., when Austria held Switzerland under her control. Gesler, also a purely mythical personage, is one of the Austrian bailiffs. The legend relates that Gesler had his cap placed on a pole in the market place, and all the Swiss were required to salute it in passing in recognition of his authority. Tell refusing to do this was arrested, and condemned to death. This and the following lesson narrate how the sentence was changed, and the result.

LXVIII. WILLIAM TELL.

(Concluded.)

SCENE 2. — *Enter slowly, people in evident distress — Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, and soldiers — one bearing Tell's bow and quiver — another with a basket of apples.*

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
Tell. Is the line a true one?
Ges. True or not, what is 't to thee?
Tell. What is 't to me? A little thing.
A very little thing; a yard or two
Is nothing here or there — were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler! Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I 'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I can not see to shoot against the sun:
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way! Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Ges. Stay! show me the basket! there!

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh, do you? But you see
The color of it is dark: I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is;
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

Tell. True! true! I did not think of that; I wonder
I did not think of that. Give me some chance
To save my boy!—
I will not murder him,
If I can help it—for the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
(*Throws away the apple with all his force.*)

Ges. Well: choose thyself.

Tell. Have I a friend among the lookers-on?

Verner. (*Rushing forward.*) Here, Tell.

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is bent, we can not take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner! Verner! Verner!
The boy! the boy! Thinkest thou he hath the courage
To stand it?

Ver. Yes.

Tell. Does he tremble?
Ver. No.
Tell. Art sure?
Ver. I am.
Tell. How looks he?
Ver. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it, look yourself.
Tell. No, no, my friend:
To hear it is enough.
Ver. He bears himself so much above his years—
Tell. I know! I know!
Ver. With constancy so modest—
Tell. I was sure he would—
Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you—
Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man! Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—do not mind me! Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.
Set him upon his knees, and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me.
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady; tell him
I'll hit the apple! Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.
Ver. Come, Albert! (*Leading him out.*)
Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?
Ver. No.
Alb. I would only kiss his hand.
Ver. You must not.
Alb. I must; I can not go from him without.
Ver. It is his will you should.
Alb. His will, is it?
I am content, then; come.
Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Rushing into Tell's arms.*)
Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I? Go now,
My son; and keep in mind that I can shoot;
Go, boy; be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. Go! God bless thee; go. My bow!
(*The bow is handed to him.*)
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou? Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant. No,
I'm sure of thee. I know thy honesty,
Thou art stanch, stanch. Let me see my quiver.
Ges. Give him a single arrow.
Tell. Do you shoot?
Soldier. I do.
Tell. Is it so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent; the feather, jagged.
That's all the use 't is fit for. (*Breaks it.*)
Ges. Let him have another.
Tell. Why, 't is better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aïm
As I'm to take. 'T is heavy in the shaft;
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let
me see my quiver.
Bring it! 'T is not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that.
Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver.
Tell. See if the boy is ready.
(*Tell here hides an arrow under his vest.*)
Ver. He is.
Tell. I'm ready too! Keep silent, for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir; and let me have
Your prayers, your prayers, and be my witnesses
That if his life 's in peril from my hand,
'T is only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)
Ges. Go on.

Tell. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake keep motionless and silent. (*Tell shoots. A shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself on his bow.*)

Ver. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) The boy is safe, no hair of him is touched.

Alb. Father, I'm safe. Your Albert's safe, dear father. Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He can not, boy!

Alb. You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)

Alb. Open his vest,
And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert and clasps him to his breast.*)

Tell. My boy! My boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

Definitions. — Ac-eôrds̱′, *grants, concedes.* Is′sṳe (*pro.* ĭsh′u), *event, consequence.* Stȧnch, *sound, strong.* Jăḡ′ḡed, *notched, uneven.* Shaft, *the stem of an arrow upon which the feather and head are inserted.* Quĭv′er, *a case for arrows.*

Note. — The legend further relates that on the discovery of the concealed arrow Tell was again put in chains. Gesler then embarked for another place, taking Tell with him. A storm overtook them, and Tell was released to steer the boat. In passing a certain point of land, now known as "Tell's Rock" or "Leap," Tell leaped ashore and escaped: then going to a point where he knew the boat must land, he lay concealed until it arrived, when he shot Gesler through the heart.

LXIX. THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

1. My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel, and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. I went immediately to the engine house to procure another engineer, for I supposed there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed.

2. I heard the puffing of the steamer, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

3. The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house.

4. It was past nine o'clock. "Come, why don't we start?" growled an old, fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes. And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned, and saw a stranger by my side. I thought that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

5. However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall

and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant, — so brilliant that I could not gaze steadily into it, though I tried; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

6. "You want an engineer, I understand," he said in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir — one of the oldest in the country — and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

7. Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the engine in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such a peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety.

8. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff, a groaning of the heavy axletrees, a trembling of the building, and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

9. In less than an hour we reached Dirschau, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. Why, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours?"

10. I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard carriage and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before, and was awaiting us at Little Oscue, where we took on board the Western mail.

11. "How we go," uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschau.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear. But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guards, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

12. I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

13. "Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"What! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; "what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and —"

"You took *him!*" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

14. The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my

way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the back platform of the tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red-hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

15. "Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started, and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They said that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they said it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! We'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you."

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

16. "Here's Little Oscue just before us," cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash, — it was another engine, — I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen

(5.—15.)

our speed, and knowing that we would not be able to stop, in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

17. But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose; Schwetz is close. But hold," he added; "let's shoot him."

18. At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood, which he caught as he came over the tender.

19. Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the free steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz.

20. Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the

platform; and, as we carried him to the guard room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied, with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern mail to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

21. The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of the blow nearly two weeks; and when he recovered from that, he was sound again; his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine. But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

DEFINITIONS. — 2. Cŏm'pe-tent, *fit, qualified.* 4. Jŭne'ture, *point of time, crisis.* Re-mŏn'strāte, *to present strong reasons against any course of proceedings.* 7. Apt'ness, *fitness, suitableness.* 8. Com-pōsed', *calm.* 11. Ap-pre-hĕnd', *to entertain suspicion or fear of.* 14. Tĕn'der, *a car attached to a locomotive to supply it with fuel and water.* 18. Pre-çĭ'sion (*pro.* pre-sĭzh'un), *accuracy, exactness.*

NOTE. — This incident is said to have taken place on the railway following the valley of the Vistula River, in Prussia, from Dantzic to Bromberg. The cities mentioned are all in Prussia, excepting Stockholm, which is the capital of Sweden.

LXX. THE HERITAGE.

James Russell Lowell (*b.* 1819, *d.* 1891) was born in Cambridge, Mass., and was graduated from Harvard College. He entered the profession of law; but, in 1843, turned aside to publish "The Pioneer, a Literary and Critical Magazine." In 1855 he was appointed professor of Belles-lettres in Harvard College. From 1877 to 1885 he was U.S. Minister, first to Spain, afterwards to Great Britain. Lowell's powers as a writer were very versatile, and his poems range from the most dreamy and imaginative to the most trenchant and witty. Among his most noted poetical works are "The Biglow Papers," "A Fable for Critics," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral," and "The Legend of Brittany;" while "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," "Among my Books," and "My Study Windows," place him in the front rank as an essayist.

1. The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great:

Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Hĕr'it-a̤ge, *that which is inherited, or taken by descent, from an ancestor.* 3. Sāt'ed, *surfeited, glutted.* Hīnd̤s, *peasants, countrymen.* 5. Ad-jŭd̤ged', *decided, determined.* 8. Be-nīgn' (*pro.* be-nīn'), *having healthful qualities, wholesome.*

NOTES. — 1. *To hold in fee,* means to have as an inheritance.
9. *Prove title.* That is, to prove the right of ownership.

LXXI. NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

William Wirt (*b.* 1772, *d.* 1834) was born in Bladensburg, Md. He was admitted to the bar in 1799, and afterwards practiced law, with eminent success, at Richmond and Norfolk, Va. He was one of the counsel for the prosecution in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason. From 1817 to 1829 he was attorney-general for the United States. In 1803 he published the "Letters of a British Spy," a work which attracted much attention, and in 1817 a "Life of Patrick Henry."

1. THE education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it that the ancients were right; both in morals and intellect we give the final shape to our characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortune. How else

could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies ?

2. Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom one will be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you will see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you will observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

3. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction.

4. And of this be assured, I speak from observation a certain truth: THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT GREAT LABOR. It is the fiat of fate, from which no power of genius can absolve you.

5. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal region with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

6. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and these long reaches of thought, that

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;"

this is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Mŏr'al, *relating to duty or obligation.* Ar'-chi-tĕets, *builders, makers.* Dĕs'ti-ny, *ultimate fate, appointed condition.* 2. Căn'di-date, *one who seeks after some honor or office.* Gēn'ius (*pro.* jēn'yus), *a man of superior intellectual powers.* Mē-di-ŏe'ri-ty, *a middle state or degree of talents.* Mē'di-ō-ere (*pro.* mē'dĭ-ō-kr), *a man of moderate talents.* 3. Re-spĕe'tĭve, *particular, own.* 4. Ab-sŏlve', *set free, release from.* Fī'at, *a decree.* 5. Cŏn'-dor, *a large bird of the vulture family.* Em-pўr'e-al, *relating to the highest and purest region of the heavens.* 6. Ca-reer'ing, *moving rapidly.* Prow'ess (*pro.* prou'es), *bravery, boldness.*

NOTES. — 5. *Chimborazo* (*pro.* chim-bo-rä'zo), is an extinct volcano in Ecuador, whose height is 20,517 feet above the sea.

6. The quotation is from Shakespeare's "King Henry IV," *Part* I, *Act* I, *Scene* 3.

LXXVIII. SQUEERS'S METHOD.

Charles Dickens (*b.* 1812, *d.* 1870). This celebrated novelist was born in Portsmouth, England. He began his active life as a lawyer's apprentice, in London; but soon became a reporter, and followed this occupation from 1831 to 1836. His first book was entitled "Sketches of London Society, by Boz." In 1837 he published the "Pickwick Papers," a work which established his reputation as a writer. His other works followed with great rapidity, and his last, "Edwin Drood," was unfinished when he died. He visited America in 1842 and in 1867. He is buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Dickens excelled in humor and pathos, and was particularly successful in delineating the joys and griefs of childhood. His writings have a tendency to prompt to deeds of kindness and benevolence. The following extract is taken from "Nicholas Nickleby," one of the best of his novels.

1. "Come," said Squeers, "let's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby."

2. It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy books and paper.

3. There were a couple of long, old, rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported like that of a barn, by crossbeams and rafters, and the walls were so stained and discolored that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched by paint or whitewash.

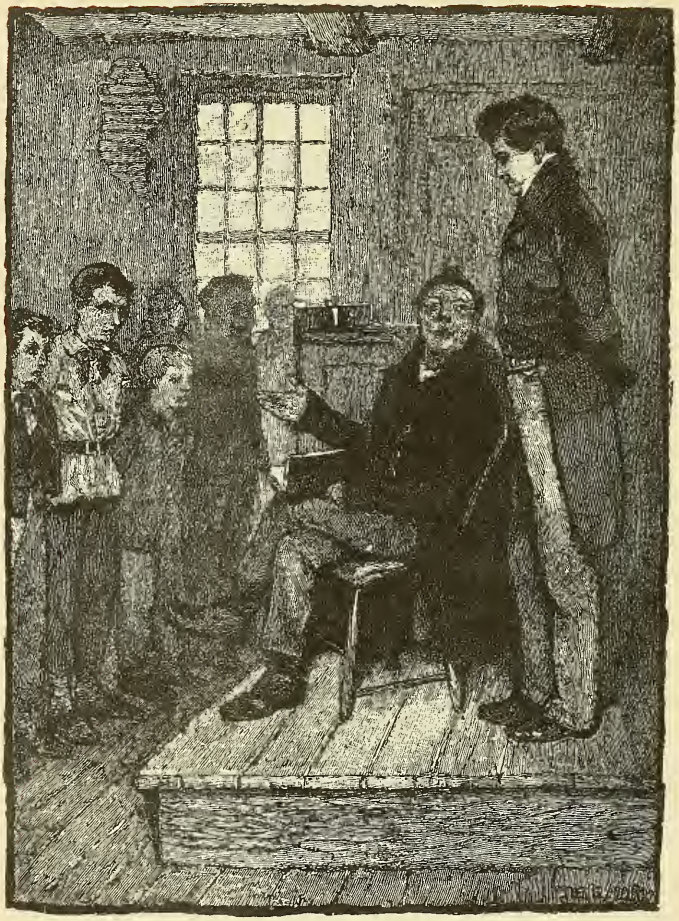
4. Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long, meager legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining.

5. And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporeal penalties, to take in the whole bowl at a gasp.

6. "Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike: take away now. Look sharp!"

7. Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers hurried out after him into a species of washhouse, where there was a small fire, and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board. Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by



means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast, whereupon Mr. Squeers went away to his own.

8. After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight

learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart, if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

9. Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk, half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

10. "Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

11. "Please, sir, he is weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted, "so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas, significantly.

12. "I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there is n't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped 's Latin for beast, as everybody that 's gone through the grammar knows, or else where 's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

13. "As you 're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I 'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for it 's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Fŭs'tian, *a kind of cotton stuff, including corduroy, velveteen, etc.* 2. Re-ṣŏlved', *made clear, disentangled.* 4. De-fôrm'i-tieṣ, *misshapen persons.* Stŭnt'ed, *checked in growth.* Mēa'ger, *thin, lean.* 5. Gro-tĕsque' (*pro.* grō-tĕsk'), *fanciful, absurd.* Ad-mĭn'is-tered, *gave, dispensed.* In-stạll'ment (literally, *part of a debt*), *part, portion.* Cor-pō're-al, *bodily.* 6. Phўṣ'iek-ing, *doctoring, treating with medicine.* 7. Dĭ-lūt'ed, *weakened by the addition of water.* 8. Com-mŏd'i-ty, *article, wares.* Pro-found', *intellectually deep, wise.* Ap-pre-hĕn'sion, *comprehension, knowledge.* 10. Tĕm'po-ra-ry, *for the time being.* 11. Dĭs-con-çērt'ed, *confused, abashed.* Sīg-nĭf'i-eant-ly, *with meaning.* 12. Ab-străct'-ed-ly, *in an absent-minded way.*

NOTES. — 1. *Mr. Squeers* is represented as an ignorant, brutal teacher, many of whom were to be found in Yorkshire, England, at the time of this story.

Nicholas Nickleby is a well-educated, refined young man, who has just obtained the position of assistant teacher, not knowing Squeers's true character.

6. *Smike* is a poor scholar, disowned by his parents, and made almost idiotic by harsh treatment.

The novel from which this story is abridged, aided greatly in a much-needed reform in the Yorkshire schools; and the character of Squeers was so true to life, that numerous suits were threatened against Mr. Dickens by those who thought themselves caricatured.

LXXXV. THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

1. Some years ago a warehouseman in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence that the man would live to repent of what he had done; and this was conveyed by some talebearer to the libeler, who said, "Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens,

however, that a man in business can not always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

2. The wantonly libeled men had thus become creditors of the libeler! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughingstock of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrongdoer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the countinghouse of the wronged.

3. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeler stood trembling before the libeled. He told his tale and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeler," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

4. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to

repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?"

5. And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, do not cry; it will all be well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks; the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face and went out of the door, crying like a child.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Wâre'house-man (English usage), *one who keeps a wholesale store for woolen goods.* Seŭr'ril-oŭs, *low, mean.* Lī'bel-er, *one who defames another maliciously by a writing, etc.* 2. Au-dăç'i-ty, *bold impudence.* Sīg'na-ture, *the name of a person written with his own hand, the name of a firm signed officially.* De-fī'cien-çy, *want.* 3. De-lĭn'quent, *an offender.* Pärch'ment, *sheep or goat skin prepared for writing upon.* 5. Stĭnt, *to limit.*

NOTE. — 1. *Acceptance.* When a person upon whom a draft has been made, writes his name across the face of it, the draft then becomes "an acceptance." The person who makes the draft is called "the drawer;" the person to whom the money is ordered paid writes his name on the back of the draft and is called "an indorser." Paper of this kind frequently passes from hand to hand, so that there are several indorsers.

LXXXVI. THE SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (*b.* 1808, *d.* 1877) was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She wrote verses and plays at a very early age. "The Sorrows of Rosalie," published in 1829, was written before she was seventeen years old. In 1827, she was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton. The marriage was an unhappy one, and they were divorced in 1836. Her principal works are "The Undying One," "The Dream, and Other Poems," "The Child of the Islands," "Stuart of Dunleith, a Romance," and "English Laws for English Women of the 19th Century." She contributed extensively to the magazines and other periodicals.

1. A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
   There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
   But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away,
   And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
   The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
   And he said: "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
   Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
   For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

2. "Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
   To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
   That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
   Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
   And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars, —
   The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
   But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, —
   And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

3. "Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
   For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
   For my father was a soldier, and, even when a child,
   My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

4. "Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

5. "There 's another, — not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life — (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6. "I saw the blue Rhine sweep along: I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine."

7. His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse; his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Definitions. — 1. Lē′gion (*pro.* lē′jun), *division of an army.* Dĕarth (*pro.* dĕrth), *scarcity.* Ebbed, *flowed out.* 2. Côrse, *a dead body.* 4. Stĕad′fȧst, *firm, resolute.* 5. Co-quĕt′ry, *trifling in love.* 6. Chō′rus, *music in which all join.* Yōre, *old times.*

Note. — 1. *Bingen* is pronounced Bĭng′en, not Bĭn̲′gen, nor Bĭn′jen.

LESSON CXV.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

1. A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

2. "Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

3. "And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the †heather.

4. "His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my †bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

5. Out spake the hardy, Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your †winsome lady:

6. "And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

7. By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The †water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

8. But still, as wilder grew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

9. "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

10. The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her:
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

11. And still they rowed, amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to †wailing.

12. For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

13. "Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief;
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

14. 'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

XC. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Alfred Tennyson (*b.* 1809, *d.* 1892) was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems was published in 1830, but it made little impression and was severely criticised. On the publication of his third series in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. Mr. Tennyson was made poet laureate in 1850, and was regarded as the foremost living poet of England. For several years his residence was on the Isle of Wight. In 1884, he was raised to the peerage.

1. Break, break, break,
   On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
   And I would that my tongue could utter
   The thoughts that arise in me.

2. Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
   That he shouts with his sister at play!
   Oh, well for the sailor lad,
   That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. And the stately ships go on
   To their haven under the hill;
   But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
   And the sound of a voice that is still!

4. Break, break, break,
   At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
   But the tender grace of a day that is dead
   Will never come back to me.

XCIV. ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Elizabeth Akers Allen (*b.* 1832, ——) was born at Strong, Maine, and passed her childhood amidst the picturesque scenery of that neighborhood. She lost her mother when very young, but inherited her grace and delicacy of thought. Shortly after her mother's death, her father removed to Farmington, Maine, a town noted for its literary people. Mrs. Allen's early pieces appeared over the pseudonym of "Florence Percy." Her first verses appeared when she was twelve years old; and her first volume, entitled "Forest Buds from the Woods of Maine," was published in 1856. For some years she was assistant editor of the "Portland Transcript." The following selection was claimed by five different persons, who attempted to steal the honor of its composition.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

2. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears;
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

3. Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

4. Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

6. Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

XCVI. THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

John Godfrey Saxe (*b.* 1816, *d.* 1887), an American humorist, lawyer, and journalist, was born at Highgate, Vt. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1839; was admitted to the bar in 1843; and practiced law until 1850, when he became editor of the "Burlington Sentinel." In 1851, he was elected State's attorney. "Progress, a Satire, and Other Poems," his first volume, was published in 1849, and several other volumes of great merit attest his originality. For genial humor and good-natured satire, Saxe's writings rank among the best of their kind, and are very popular.

1. It was six men of Indostan,
   To learning much inclined,
   Who went to see the elephant,
   (Though all of them were blind,)
   That each by observation
   Might satisfy his mind.

2. The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

3. The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis very clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

4. The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

5. The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And fell about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

6. The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

7. The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

8. And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

LESSON LXXXIV.

1. Wrought; *v.* labored.
1. Ech'o-ed; *v.* repeated; sounded back.
2. Vague; *adj.* indefinite; uncertain.
4. Quaff'ed; *v.* drank eagerly.
5. Sur-prise'; *n.* wonder; astonishment.
5. Ha'zel; *adj.* a light brown color.
9. Har'vest-er; *n.* one who gathers a harvest.
11. Dow'er; *n.* the property which a wife brings her husband.
12. Gar'nish-ed; *adj.* adorned; beautified.
14. Spin'et; *n.* a musical instrument.
14. As'tral; *n.* an ornamental lamp.
14. Lug; *n.* the fire-place.
14. Doz'ing; *adj.* half-asleep; drowsy.
15. Re-pin'er; *n.* a complainer.
15. Drudge; *n.* an unwilling laborer.

MAUD MULLER.

1. Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

2. But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast;
A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

3. The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane:
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid;
And ask a draught from the spring that flowed,
Through the meadow, across the road.

4. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

5. He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

6. At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!
He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

7. "My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat;
I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

8. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er has it been my lot to meet;
And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

9. "Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:
No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;
But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

5th Rd. 25.

10. But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold;
So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone:
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

11. He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power;
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

12. Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

13. She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door;
But care and sorrow and wasting pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot,
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again,
She saw a rider draw his rein,
And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

14. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinet turned;
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law:
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

15. Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

LESSON XCV.

2. Ad-vent'ur-ers; *n.* those who attempt difficult enterprises.
2. Sum'ma-ry; *adj.* short; brief.
2. Out'rage; *n.* violence.
3. Sig'nal-iz-ed; *v.* made remarkable.
3. De-tach'ment; *n.* a party sent off from the main body.

SPEECH OF LOGAN, CHIEF OF THE MINGOES.

Remark.—Let every pupil notice, as each one reads, when the final consonant of any word is joined to the vowel of the next word.

Articulate distinctly. Do not say *who lof* for whole of; *an dindeed*, for and indeed; *eminen torators*, for eminent orators; *talen tsin*, for talents in; *celebraty din pea san dwar*, for celebrated in peace and war.

1. I may †challenge the whole of the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and indeed, of any more eminent orators, if Europe or the world, has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, delivered to Lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia. As a †testimony of Indian talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, by first stating the †incidents necessary for understanding it.

2. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians, upon certain land adventurers on the Ohio river. The whites in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap and one Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, traveling and hunting parties of the Indians, who had their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these, were †unfortunately the family of Logan, a chief celebrated in peace and war, and long †distinguished as the friend of the whites.

3. This unworthy return provoked his †vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which

ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a †decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, between the collected forces of the Shawnees, the Mingoes, and the Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, †disdained to be seen among the †suppliants: but, lest the †sincerity of a treaty, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, should be distrusted, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

4. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an †advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man.

5. "Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood, and †unprovoked, murdered all the †relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully †glutted my †vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace: but do not †harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

EXERCISES.—Who was Demosthenes? Cicero? Who undertook to punish the Indians? Whose family were killed? Where was a decisive battle fought? Where does the Kanawha rise? Why did not Logan appear among the suppliants?

In the sentence, "Logan never felt fear," which is the subject? Which the attribute? See Pinneo's Analytical Grammar.

XCVIII. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Thomas Moore (*b.* 1779, *d.* 1852) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College in that city. In 1799, he entered the Middle Temple, London, as a student of law. Soon after the publication of his first poetical productions, he was sent to Bermuda in an official capacity. He subsequently visited the United States. Moore's most famous works are: "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance, 1817; "The Loves of the Angels," 1823; and "Irish Melodies," 1834; a "Life of Lord Byron," and "The Epicurean, an Eastern Tale." "Moore's excellencies," says Dr. Angus, "consist in the gracefulness of his thoughts, the wit and fancy of his allusions and imagery, and the music and refinement of his versification."

1. Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

2. When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

C. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Charles Wolfe (*b.* 1791, *d.* 1823), an Irish poet and clergyman, was born in Dublin. He was educated in several schools, and graduated at the university of his native city. He was ordained in 1817, and soon became noted for his zeal and energy as a clergyman. His literary productions were collected and published in 1825. "The Burial of Sir John Moore," one of the finest poems of its kind in the English language, was written in 1817, and first appeared in the "Newry Telegraph," a newspaper, with the author's initials, but without his knowledge. Byron said of this ballad that he would rather be the author of it than of any one ever written.

1. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
   As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
   Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
   O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
   The sods with our bayonets turning,
   By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
   And the lantern dimly burning.

3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
   Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
   But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
   With his martial cloak around him.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
   And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
   But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
   And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
   And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
   That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
   And we far away on the billow!

6. Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they 'll let him sleep on
In a grave where a Briton has laid him.

7. But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

DEFINITIONS. — 3. Mär'tial (*pro.* mär'shal), *military.* 6. Upbrāid', *to charge with something wrong or disgraceful, to reproach.* Rĕck, *to take heed, to care.* 7. Răn'dom, *without fixed aim or purpose, left to chance.*

NOTE. — *Sir John Moore* (*b.* 1761, *d.* 1809) was a celebrated British general. He was appointed commander of the British forces in Spain, in the war against Napoleon, and fell at the battle of Corunna, by a cannon shot. Marshal Soult, the opposing French commander, caused a monument to be erected to his memory. The British government has also raised a monument to him in St. Paul's Cathedral, while his native city, Glasgow, honors him with a bronze statue.

CIX. HAMLET.

William Shakespeare (*b.* 1564, *d.* 1616), by many regarded as the greatest poet the world has ever produced, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England. He was married, when very young, to a woman eight years his senior, went to London, was joint proprietor of Blackfriar's Theater in 1589, wrote poems and plays, was an actor, accumulated some property, and retired to Stratford three or four years before his death. He was buried in Stratford church, where a monument has been erected to his memory. This is all that is known of him with any degree of certainty.

Shakespeare's works consist chiefly of plays and sonnets. They show a wonderful knowledge of human nature, expressed in language remarkable for its point and beauty.

(ACT I, SCENE II. HAMLET *alone in a room of the castle. Enter* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.)

Hor. HAIL to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, — or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? —
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord —
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To* Ber.] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father! — methinks I see my father.
Hor. Where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, *cap-a-pie*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honor'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled, — no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

DEFINITIONS. — Trụ'ant, *wandering from business, loitering.* Trŭst'er, *a believer.* At-tĕnt', *attentive, heedful.* De-lĭv'er, *to communicate, to utter.* Căp-a-pïe' (*from the French, pro.* kăp-ä-pee'), *from head to foot.* Trŭn'cheon (*pro.* trŭn'shun), *a short staff, a baton.* Bē'ver, *a part of the helmet covering the face, so constructed that the wearer could raise or lower it.* Tĕn'a-ble, *capable of being held.*

NOTES. — *What make you from Wittenberg?* i.e., what are you doing away from Wittenberg?

Wittenberg is a university town in Saxony, where Hamlet and Horatio had been schoolfellows.

Elsinore is a fortified town on one of the Danish islands, and was formerly the seat of one of the royal castles. It is the scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Hard upon; i.e., soon after.

Funeral baked meats. This has reference to the ancient custom of funeral feasts.

My dearest foe; i.e., my greatest foe. A common use of the word "dearest" in Shakespeare's time.

Or ever; i.e., before.

Season your admiration; i.e., restrain your wonder.

The dead vast; i.e., the dead void.

Armed at point; i.e., armed at all points.

Did address itself to motion; i.e., made a motion.

Give it an understanding, etc.; i.e., understand, but do not speak of it.

I will requite your loves, or, as we should say, I will repay your friendship.

CXVI. THE BIBLE THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

Thomas S. Grimké (*b.* 1786, *d.* 1834). This eminent lawyer and scholar was born in Charleston, S.C. He graduated at Yale College in 1807. He gained considerable reputation as a politician, but is best known as an advocate of peace, Sunday schools, and the Bible. He was a man of deep feeling, earnest purpose, and pure life.

1. There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

2. If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover that it came from heaven in vision and prophecy under the sanction of Him who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

3. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

4. If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: "The patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr."

5. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice,

and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity are its blessings upon earth.

6. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity; from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect; from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs; from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

7. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

DEFINITIONS. — 1. Clăs'sie, *a work of acknowledged excellence and authority.* 2. Au-then-tĭç'i-ty, *of established authority for truth and correctness.* Săn'tion (*pro.* săn'shun), *authority, support.* 3. Vĕr'sa-tĭle, *readily applied to various subjects.* 4. Vĭn'di-cāt-ed, *defended, justified.* E-văn'ġel-ĭst, *a writer of the history of Jesus Christ.* 6. Sĕr'aph, *an angel of the highest order.*

Sixth Reader

XII.—THE LONE INDIAN.

MOHAWKS; a tribe of Indians who formerly lived in the state of New York.

1. FOR many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and wayworn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo'; he who had once been the eagle of the Mohawks. He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye.

2. Alas! the white man's ax' had been there. The tree that he had planted was dead'; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love', and they were gone.

3. He looked abroad. The hunting-land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk'; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed'; and the sun looked boldly down

upon spots he had only visited by stealth′, during thousands and thousands of moons.

4. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn′; the long line of heavy clouds melting away before the evening sun′; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight′, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes‵," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down‵, torn′ and trampled‵ on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

5. A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home‵," said he; "where are the squaw and papoose of the red‵ man? They are here‵!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully on the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale‵ face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian′ can not die here in peace‵." So saying′, he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows‵, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers′, and departed forever‵.

Remark.—The words "down," "torn," and "trampled," in the last paragraph but one, and "string," "arrows," "fathers," and "forever," in the last paragraph, are examples of inflection which may, perhaps, more appropriately come under the head of "series;" but, by examining them, it will be found, that the rule which gives them the falling inflection wherever the sense is complete, and that which requires the last but one to be the rising inflection, are applicable in these cases. Indeed, the rule for series is substantially the combination of these two principles, with that of emphasis, as laid down in Rule II.

XIII. DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

Charles Dickens, 1812-1870. No novelist of modern times occupies a higher place than Dickens. He was born in Portsmouth, but spent nearly all his life in London. His father was a conscientious man, but lacked capacity for getting a livelihood. In consequence, the boy's youth was much darkened by poverty. It has been supposed that he pictured his father in the character of "Micawber." He began his active life as a lawyer's apprentice; but soon left this employment to become a reporter. This occupation he followed from 1831 to 1836. His first book was entitled "Sketches of London Society, by Boz." This was followed, in 1837, by the "Pickwick Papers," a work which suddenly brought much fame to the author. His other works followed with great rapidity, and his last was unfinished at the time of his

death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Dickens visited America in 1842, and again in 1867. During his last visit, he read his works in public, in the principal cities of the United States.

The resources of Dickens's genius seemed exhaustless. He copied no author, imitated none, but relied entirely on his own powers. He excelled especially in humor and pathos. He gathered materials for his works by the most careful and faithful observation. And he painted his characters with a fidelity so true to their different individualities that, notwithstanding they sometimes have a quaint grotesqueness bordering on caricature, they stand before the memory as living realities. He was particularly successful in the delineation of the joys and griefs of childhood. "Little Nell" and little "Paul Dombey" are known, and have been loved and wept over, in almost every household where the English language is read. His writings present very vividly the wants and sufferings of the poor, and have a tendency to prompt to kindness and benevolence. His works have not escaped criticism. It has been said that "his good characters act from impulse, not from principle," and that he shows "a tricksy spirit of fantastic exaggeration." It has also been said that his novels sometimes lack skillful plot, and that he seems to speak approvingly of conviviality and dissipation. "The Old Curiosity Shop," from which the following extract is taken, was published in 1840.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born, imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes! the old fireside had smiled upon that same

sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels, in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile; the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now, and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

"It is not," said the school-master, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in *this* world that heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after day-break. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped them, and used them

kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor.

Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes, at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face, such, they said, as they had never seen, and could never forget, and clung, with both her arms, about his neck. She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend, came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her: saying, that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once, except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And, when the day came, on

which they must remove her, in her earthly shape, from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell, the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy,—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life, gathered round her. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing, grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old, the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

XVII. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Thomas Gray, 1716-1771, is often spoken of as "the author of the Elegy,"—this simple yet highly finished and beautiful poem being by far the best known of all his writings. It was finished in 1749,—seven years from the time it was commenced. Probably no short poem in the language ever deserved or received more praise. Gray was born in London; his father possessed property, but was indolent and selfish; his mother was a successful woman of business, and supported her son in college from her own earnings. The poet was educated at Eton and Cambridge; at the latter place, he resided for several years after his return from a continental tour, begun in 1739. He was small and delicate in person, refined and precise in dress and manners, and shy and retiring in disposition. He was an accomplished scholar in many fields of learning, but left comparatively little finished work in any department. He declined the honor of poet laureate; but, in 1769, was appointed Professor of History at Cambridge.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command.
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor, circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne.
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing, with hasty step, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now, drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

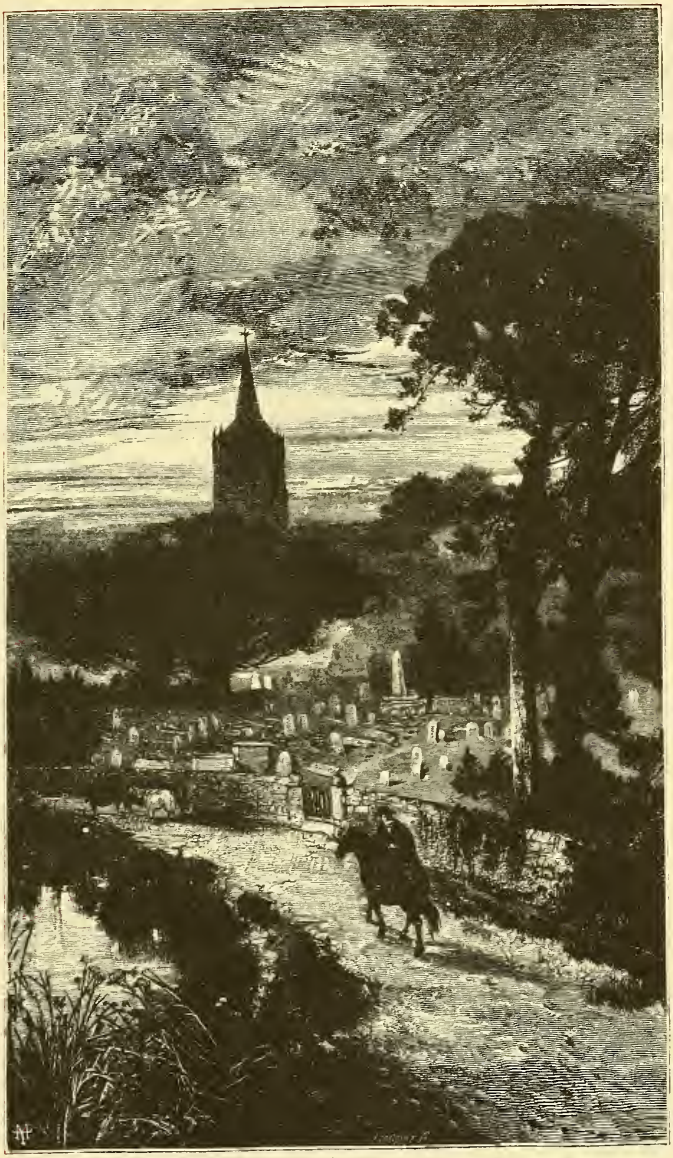
"One morn, I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.



No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father, and his God.

NOTES.—**John Hampden** (b. 1594, d. 1643) was noted for his resolute resistance to the forced loans and unjust taxes imposed by Charles I. on England. He took part in the contest between King and Parliament, and was killed in a skirmish.

John Milton. See biographical notice, page 312.

Oliver Cromwell (b. 1599, d. 1658) was the leading character in the Great Rebellion in England. He was Lord Protector the last five years of his life, and in many respects the ablest ruler that England ever had.

XVIII. TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes, tact carries it against talent ten to one.

Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that shall scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact arouses astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weather-cock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church: talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court: talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate: talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket.

It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an extemporary apprenticeship; it

wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no look of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of common-place, and all the force and power of genius.

XIX. SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

Patrick Henry, 1736-1799, was born in Hanover County, Virginia. He received instruction in Latin and mathematics from his father, but seemed to develop a greater fondness for hunting, fishing, and playing the fiddle than for study. Twice he was set up in business, and twice failed before he was twenty-four. He was then admitted to the bar after six weeks' study of the law. He got no business at first in his profession, but lived with his father-in-law. His wonderful powers of oratory first showed themselves in a celebrated case which he argued in Hanover Court-house, his own father being the presiding magistrate. He began very awkwardly, but soon rose to a surprising height of eloquence, won his case against great odds, and was carried off in triumph by the delighted spectators. His fame was now established; business flowed in, and he was soon elected to the Virginia Legislature. He was a delegate to the Congress of 1774, and in 1775 made the prophetic speech of which the following selection is a portion. It was on his own motion that the "colony be immediately put in a state of defense." During the Revolution he was, for several years, Governor of Virginia. In 1788, he earnestly opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution. When he died, he left a large family and an ample fortune. In person, Mr. Henry was tall and rather awkward, with a face stern and grave. When he spoke on great occasions, his awkwardness forsook him, his face lighted up, and his eyes flashed with a wonderful fire. In his life, he was good-humored, honest, and temperate. His patriotism was of the noblest type; and few men in those stormy times did better service for their country than he.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having

eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves, how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation, — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. We have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess,

are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and, let it come! I repeat it, let it come!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

NOTES.—Observe, in this lesson, the all-controlling power of emphasis in determining the falling inflection. The words "see," "hear," and "my," in the first paragraph, the word "that" in the second, and "spurned" and "contempt" in the fourth paragraph, are examples of this. Let the reader remember that a high degree of emphasis is sometimes expressed by a whisper; also, that emphasis is often expressed by a pause.

It will be well to read in this connection some good history of the opening scenes of the Revolution.

XX. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795–1820, was born in New York City. His father died when he was very young, and his early life was a struggle with poverty. He studied medicine, and took his degree when he was about twenty years old. From a child, he showed remarkable poetical powers, having made rhymes at the early age of five. Most of his published writings were produced during a period of less than two years,—"The Culprit Fay" and the "American Flag" are best known. In disposition, Mr. Drake was gentle and kindly; and, on the occasion of his death, his intimate friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, expressed his character in the well-known couplet:

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain-height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;—
Child of the sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,

And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm, that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

XXII. THE THREE WARNINGS.

Hester Lynch Thrale, 1739–1821, owes her celebrity almost wholly to her long intimacy with Dr. Samuel Johnson. This continued for twenty years, during which Johnson spent much time in her family. She was born in Caernarvonshire, Wales; her first husband was a wealthy brewer, by whom she had several children. In 1784, she married an Italian teacher of music named Piozzi. Her writings are quite numerous; the best known of her books is the "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson;" but nothing she ever wrote is so well known as the "Three Warnings."

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
  That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
  The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless bridegroom cried:
"Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared."

What more he urged, I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke:
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you 're summoned to the grave:
Willing for once I 'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you 'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely, and how well,
It boots not that the Muse should tell;
He plowed, he sowed, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track, content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half-killed with wonder and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So *soon* d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;
Since I was here before,
'T is six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse!" the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me *three warnings*,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings!"

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But do n't be captious, friend; at least,
I little thought that you 'd be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length,
Yet still you seem to have your strength."

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame, these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And surely, sir, to see one's friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith;
But there 's some comfort still," says Death;
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There 's none," cries he, "and if there were,
I've grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the specter stern rejoined,
"These are unpardonable yearnings;
If your are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've *had* your *three* sufficient warnings,
So, come along; no more we 'll part:
He said, and touched him with his dart:
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

XXV. THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

George Arnold, 1834–1865, was born in New York City. He never attended school, but was educated at home, by his parents. His literary career occupied a period of about twelve years. In this time he wrote stories, essays, criticisms in art and literature, poems, sketches, etc., for several periodicals. Two volumes of his poems have been published since his death.

'T was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,
Reading, and writing, and history too;
He took the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school—
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below—
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times he had of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below:
"Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles.

"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I've lingered a long time here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night, when the sun went down;
And the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said:
"'T is a glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said this jolly old pedagogue, long age.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-winds whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

XXVIII. CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Charles Phillips, 1787-1859, an eminent barrister and orator, was born in Sligo, Ireland, and died in London. He gained much of his reputation as an advocate in criminal cases. In his youth he published some verses; later in life he became the author of several works, chiefly of biography.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose power terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive; a will, despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience, pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outlines of this extraordinary character—the

most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him, as from the glance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest; acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshiped no God but ambition; and, with an eastern devotion, he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation: kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-

board! Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or in the drawing-room; with the mob, or the levee; wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg; dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic; he was still the same military despot.

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.

Such a medley of contradictions, and, at the same time, such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor; a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel; he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

NOTES.—**St. Louis** (b. 1215, d. 1270), a wise and pious king of France, known as Louis IX. Napoleon was appointed to the Military School at Brienne, by Louis XVI. **Brutus,** Lucius Junius, abolished the royal office at Rome (509 B. C.), and ruled as consul for two years.

Jacobin Bonnet.—The Jacobins were a powerful political club during the first French Revolution. A peculiar bonnet or hat was their badge. **Braganza,** the name of the royal family of Portugal. Maria of Portugal, and her father, Charles IV. of Spain, were both expelled by Napoleon. **Hapsburg,** the name of the royal family of Austria. Napoleon's second

wife was Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Emperor. **Czar.**—The treaty of Tilsit was agreed to between Bonaparte and the Czar Alexander on the river Memel. **Leipsic.**—Napoleon was defeated by the allied forces, in October, 1813, at this city.

Palm, a German publisher, shot, in 1806, by order of Napoleon, for publishing a pamphlet against him. **De Stael** (pro. De Stäl), a celebrated French authoress, banished from Paris, in 1802, by Napoleon. **Kotzebue,** an eminent German dramatist. **David,** the leading historical painter of his times in France. **De Lille,** an eminent French poet and professor.

XXXVIII.—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

From Southey.

1. Where is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not′, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

2. No aid′, no compassion′, the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger\ awake not her care;
Through the rags, do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half bare\; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

3. Yet cheerful and happy\, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been\:
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely\, no damsel so gay\,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

5. She loved\, and young Richard had settled the day\;
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary′, and say,
That she was too *good* for his wife.

6. 'T was in autumn\, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

7. "'T is pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the Abbey\!" his comrade replied:
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who would wander the ruins about.

8. "I *myself*', like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim *spirit*\ appear;
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

9. "I 'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That *Mary* would venture there *now*\."
"Then *wager*\, and *lose*\:" with a sneer he replied;
"I 'll warrant she 'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a *white cow!*"

10. "Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile\;
"I shall win\, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

11. With fearless good-humor did Mary comply\,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night it was gloomy\, the wind it was high\;
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

12. O'er the path so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gate-way, she entered, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

13. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the *alder-tree* grew in the aisle.

14. Well pleased did she reach\ it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a *voice*\ seemed to rise on her ear;
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now!

15. The wind blew\; the hoarse ivy shook over her head\;
She listened\; naught else could she hear;
The wind ceased\; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—*distinctly*\—the tread
Of *footsteps*\ approaching her near.

16. Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept, to conceal herself there;
That instant, the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two *ruffians*\ appear,
And between them, a *corpse*\ they did bear.

17. Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold,
Again the rough wind hurried by;
It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled\;
She fell; and expected to die!

18. "Stop! the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay\, come on, and fast hide
The dead body\!" his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side\;
She seizes the hat\, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19. She ran with wild speed\; she rushed in at the door\;
She looked horribly eager around\:
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
But exhausted and breathless, she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

20. Ere yet her pale lips could her story impart,
For a moment, the *hat*\ met her view:
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, O Heaven\! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her *Richard*\ she knew!

21. Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by',
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn, it engages the eye\;
The traveler beholds it, and thinks with a sigh',
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

XXXIX.—JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

From N. P. Willis.

For the scene which this describes, see the eleventh chapter of the Book of Judges, from the 29th verse through.

1. She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
To listen for his coming.

2. I have thought,
A *brother's* and a *sister's* love was much.
I *know*\ a *brother's*′ is, for I have loved
A trusting sister\; and I know how broke
The heart may be with its own tenderness.
But the affection of a *delicate child*\
For a *fond father*′, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and living on
Through all earth's changes,
Must be holier!

3 The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
Rang sharply on the air at intervals\;
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts,
Returning from the battle, poured from far,
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.

4 Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set\,
And his stern lip curled slightly′, as if *praise*
Were for the hero's *scôrn*. His step was *firm*,
But *free* as India's leopard; and his mail,
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear′,
Was lighter than a *tassel* on *his* frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest\, and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye might quell a lion.

5 He led on\; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled\ him. The veins
Upon his forehead were distinctly seen,
And his proud lip was painfully compressed.
He trod less firmly\; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet, were there. His home was near,
And men were thronging, with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intently forward.

6. A moment more′,
And he had reached his home; when lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep′, and a brow
Like light, to meet\ him. O how beautiful\!
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem,
And her luxuriant *hair*′, 't was like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,

As if the sight had *withered*\ him. She threw
Her arms about his neck; he heeded not.
She called him "Father\," but he answered not.
She stood and *gazed* upon him. Was he *wroth*′?
There was no *anger*′ in that blood-shot eye.
Had *sickness*′ seized him? She unclasped his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow.
The touch aroused\ him. He raised up his hands,
And spōke the nāme of Gōd, in āgony.

7. She knew that he was stricken, then; and rushed
Again into his arms, and with a flood
Of tears she could not stay, she sobbed a prayer
That he would tell her of his wretchedness.
He *told*\ her, and a momentary flush
Shot o'er her countenance: and then′, the soul
Of Jephthah's daughter wakened\, and she stood
Calmly and nobly up, and said, "'T is well\;
And I will dīe!"

8. And whēn the sūn had sēt,
Thēn shē wās dēad—but nōt by vīolence.

XXXVI. SPEECH OF PAUL ON MARS HILL.

Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens! I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To The Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein (seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth) dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every-where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that Man whom

he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

—*Bible.*

NOTES.—**At the time this oration was delivered (50 A. D.), Athens still held the place she had occupied for centuries, as the center of the enlightened and refined world.**

Mars Hill, or the Areopagus, was an eminence in the city, made famous as the place where the court, also called Areopagus, held its sittings.

Dionysius, surnamed Areopageita, from being a member of this court, was an eminent Greek scholar, who, after his conversion to Christianity by St. Paul, was installed, by the latter, as the first bishop of Athens. He afterwards suffered martyrdom.

L. MARCO BOZZARIS.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790-1867, was born in Guilford, Connecticut. At the age of eighteen he entered a banking-house in New York, where he remained a long time. For many years he was book-keeper and assistant in business for John Jacob Astor. Nearly all his poems were written before he was forty years old, several of them in connection with his friend Joseph Rodman Drake. His "Young America," however, was written but a few years before his death. Mr. Halleck's poetry is carefully finished and musical; much of it is sportive, and some satirical. No one of his poems is better known than "Marco Bozzaris."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;

Then wore his monarch's signet-ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,

Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine:
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art Freedom's, now, and Fame's.
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

NOTES.—**Marco Bozzaris** (b. about 1790, d. 1823) was a famous Greek patriot. His family were Suliotes, a people inhabiting the Suli Mountains, and bitter enemies of the Turks. Bozzaris was engaged in war against the latter nearly all his life, and finally fell in a night attack upon their camp near Carpenisi. This poem, a fitting tribute to his memory, has been translated into modern Greek.

Platæa was the scene of a great victory of the Greeks over the Persians in the year 479 B. C.

Moslem.—The followers of Mohammed are called Moslems.

LII. NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Charles Sprague, 1791-1875, was born in Boston, and received his education in the public schools of that city. For sixteen years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, as clerk and partner. In 1820 he became teller in a bank; and, from 1825, he filled the office of cashier of the Globe Bank for about forty years. In 1829 he gave his most famous poem, "Curiosity," before the Phi Beta Kappa society, in Cambridge. An active man of business all his days, he has written but little either in prose or poetry, but that little is excellent in quality, graceful, and pleasing.

The address from which this extract is taken, was delivered before the citizens of Boston, July 4th, 1825.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of Revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole, peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant

mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

LIII. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844, was a descendant of the famous clan of Campbells, in Kirnan, Scotland, and was born at Glasgow. At the age of thirteen he entered the university in that city, from which he graduated with distinction, especially as a Greek scholar; his translations of Greek tragedy were considered without parallel in the history of the university. During the first year after graduation, he wrote several poems of minor importance. He then removed to Edinburgh and adopted literature as his profession; here his "Pleasures of Hope" was published in 1799, and achieved immediate success. He traveled extensively on the continent, and during his absence wrote "Lochiel's Warning," "Hohenlinden," and other minor poems. In 1809 he published "Gertrude of Wyoming;" from 1820 to 1830 he edited the "New Monthly Magazine." In 1826 he was chosen lord rector of the University of Glasgow, to which office he was twice re-elected. He was active in founding the University of London. During the last years of his life he produced but little of note. He died at Boulogne, in France. During most of his life he was in straitened pecuniary circumstances, and ill-health and family afflictions cast a melancholy over his later years. His poems were written with much care, and are uniformly smooth and musical.

Seer. LOCHIEL! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await
Like a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning,—no rider is there,—
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears can not number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Loch. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Seer. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Loch. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Seer. ——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man can not cover what God would reveal:
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; O mercy, dispel
Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!

Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Loch. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

NOTES.—**Lochiel** was a brave and influential Highland chieftain. He espoused the cause of Charles Stuart, called the Pretender, who claimed the British throne. In the preceding piece, he is supposed to be marching with the warriors of his clan to join Charles's army. On his way he is met by a **Seer,** who having, according to the popular superstition, the gift of second-sight, or prophecy, forewarns him of the disastrous event of the enterprise, and exhorts him to return home and avoid the destruction which certainly awaits him, and which afterward fell upon him at the battle of **Culloden,** in 1746. In this battle the Highlanders were commanded by Charles in person, and the English by the Duke of **Cumberland.** The Highlanders were completely routed, and the Pretender's rebellion brought to a close. He himself shortly afterward made a narrow escape by water from the west of Scotland; hence the reference to the **fugitive king.**

Albin is the poetic name of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands. The **iron-bound** prisoner refers to Lochiel.

LVI. RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

Mary Russell Mitford, 1786-1855. She was the daughter of a physician, and was born in Hampshire, England. At twenty years of age, she published three volumes of poems; and soon after entered upon literature as a life-long occupation. She wrote tales, sketches, poems, and dramas. "Our Village" is the best known of her prose works; the book describes the daily life of a rural people, is simple but finished in style, and is marked by mingled humor and pathos. Her most noted drama is "Rienzi." Miss Mitford passed the last forty years of her life in a little cottage in Berkshire, among a simple, country people, to whom she was greatly endeared by her kindness and social virtues.

I COME not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell,—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs; I that speak to ye,

I had a brother once — a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy, — there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world! and we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!

And once again, —
Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free.

Notes.—**Rienzi** (b. about 1312, d. 1354) was the last of the Roman tribunes. In 1347 he led a successful revolt against the nobles, who by their contentions kept Rome in constant turmoil. He then assumed the title of tribune, but, after indulging in a life of reckless extravagance and pomp for a few

months, he was compelled to abdicate, and fly for his life. In 1354 he was reinstated in power, but his tyranny caused his assassination the same year.

The **Ursini** were one of the noble families of Rome.

This lesson is especially adapted for drill on inflection, emphasis, and modulation.

LXIV. BILL AND JOE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809——, is the son of Abiel Holmes, D.D. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated at Harvard in 1829, having for classmates several men who have since become distinguished. After graduating, he studied law for about one year, and then turned his attention to medicine. He studied his profession in Paris, and elsewhere in Europe, and took his degree at Cambridge in 1836. In 1838 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. He remained here but a short time, and then returned to Boston and entered on the practice of medicine. In 1847 he was appointed professor at Harvard, filling a similar position to the one held at Dartmouth. He has discharged the duties of his professorship for more than thirty years, with great success. Literature has never been his profession; yet few American authors have attained higher success, both as a poet and as a prose writer. His poems are lively and sparkling, abound in wit and humor, but are not wanting in genuine pathos. Many of them were composed for special occasions. His prose writings include works on medicine, essays, and novels; several appeared first as contributions to the "Atlantic Monthly." He has gained reputation, also, as a popular lecturer. In person, Dr. Holmes is small and active, with a face expressive of thought and vivacity.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With HON. and LL. D.,
In big, brave letters fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! Off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens;
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, stern eyes, that melt and fill,
As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah! pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust:
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe.

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'T is poor old Joe's, "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of heart and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
When this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here,
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tomb-stones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

NOTE.—**Hic jacet** (*pro.* hĭc jā′çet) is a Latin phrase, meaning *here lies.* It is frequently used in epitaphs.

LXXII. THE CHURCH SCENE FROM EVANGELINE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807 1882, the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer of Portland, Maine, was born in that city. He graduated, at the age of eighteen, at Bowdoin College. He was soon appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in that institution, and, to fit himself further for his work, he went abroad and spent four years in Europe. He remained at Bowdoin till 1835, when he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University. On receiving this appointment, he again went to Europe and remained two years. He resigned his professorship in 1854, and after that time resided in Cambridge, pursuing his literary labors and giving to the public, from time to time, the fruits of his pen. In 1868 he made a voyage to England, where he was received with extraordinary marks of honor and esteem. In addition to Mr. Longfellow's original works, both in poetry and in prose, he distinguished himself by several translations; the most famous is that of the works of Dante.

Mr. Longfellow's poetry is always elegant and chaste, showing in every line traces of his careful scholarship. Yet it is not above the popular taste or comprehension, as is shown by the numerous and varied editions of his poems. Many of his poems treat of historical themes; "Evangeline," from which the following selection is taken, is esteemed by many as the most beautiful of all his longer poems; it was first published in 1847.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Awaited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You have convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmers' corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosure;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all the lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them.'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

NOTE.—Nova Scotia was first settled by the French, but, in 1713, was ceded to the English. The inhabitants refusing either to take the oath of allegiance or to bear arms against their fellow countrymen in the French and Indian War, it was decided to remove the whole people, and distribute them among the other British provinces. This was accordingly done in 1755. The villages were burned to the ground, and the people hurried on board the ships in such a way that but a few families remained undivided.

Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline" is founded on this incident, and the above selection describes the scene where the male inhabitants of Grand Prè are assembled in the church, and the order for their banishment is first made known to them.

LXXV. THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,—
All in one mighty sepulcher.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Bryant.*

NOTES.—**Thanatopsis** is composed of two Greek words, θάνᾰτος (thanatos), meaning *death*, and ὄψις (opsis), a *view*. The word, therefore, signifies *a view of death*, or *reflections on death*.

Barca is in the north-eastern part of Africa: the southern and eastern portions of the country are a barren desert.

The **Oregon** (or Columbia) River is the most important river of the United States, emptying into the Pacific. The Lewis and Clarke Expedition (1803–1806) had first explored the country through which it flows only five years before the poem was written.

LXXVII. ANTONY OVER CÆSAR'S DEAD BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interrèd with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Citizen. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, Oh what would come of it!

Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar. I do fear it.

Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

(*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3d Cit. We will be revenged!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2d Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Shakespeare.—Julius Cæsar, Act iii, Scene ii.

NOTES.—**Gaius Julius Cæsar** (b. 102, d. 44 B. C.) was the most remarkable genius of the ancient world. Cæsar ruled Rome as imperator five years and a half, and, in the intervals of seven campaigns during that time, spent only fifteen months in Rome. Under his rule Rome was probably at her best, and his murder at once produced a state of anarchy.

The conspirators against Cæsar—among whom were **Brutus, Cassius** and **Casca**—professed to be moved by honest zeal for the good of Rome; but their own ambition was no doubt the true motive, except with Brutus.

Mark Antony was a strong friend of Julius Cæsar. Upon the latter's death, Antony, by his funeral oration, incited the people and drove the conspirators from Rome.

The **Lupercal** was a festival of purification and expiation held in Rome on the 15th of February. Antony was officiating as priest at this festival when he offered the crown to Cæsar.

In his **will** Cæsar left to every citizen of Rome a sum of money, and bequeathed his private gardens to the public.

The **Nervii** were one of the most warlike tribes of Celtic Gaul. Cæsar almost annihilated them in 57 B. C.

Pompey, once associated with Cæsar in the government of Rome, was afterwards at war with him. He was murdered by those who thought to propitiate Cæsar, but the latter wept when Pompey's head was sent to him, and had the murderers put to death.

Statua is the Latin form of *statue,* in common use in Shakespeare's time; this form is required here by the meter.

LXXXVII. THE BAREFOOT BOY.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807——, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts; and, with short intervals of absence, he has always resided in that vicinity, having moved to Amesbury in 1840. His parents were Friends, or "Quakers," and he has always held to the same faith. He spent his boyhood on a farm, occasionally writing verses for the papers even then. Two years of study in the academy seem to have given him all the special opportunity for education that he ever enjoyed. In 1829 he edited a newspaper in Boston, and the next year assumed a similar position in Hartford. For two years he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. In 1836 he edited an anti-slavery paper in Philadelphia, and was secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Whittier has written extensively both in prose and verse. During the last fifteen years he has published several volumes of poems, and has written frequently for the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." An earnest opponent of slavery, some of his poems bearing on that subject are fiery and even bitter; but, in general, their sentiment is gentle, and often pathetic. As a poet, he takes rank among those most highly esteemed by his countrymen. "Snow-Bound," published in 1865, is one of the longest and best of his poems. Several of his shorter pieces are marked by much smoothness and sweetness.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;

From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,

Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,

Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou shouldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

NOTE.—The **Hesperides**, in Grecian mythology, were four sisters (some traditions say three, and others, seven) who guarded the golden apples given to Juno as a wedding present. The locality of the garden of the Hesperides is a disputed point with mythologists.

LXXXVIII. THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859. Leigh Hunt, as he is commonly called, was prominent before the public for fifty years as "a writer of essays, poems, plays, novels, and criticisms." He was born at Southgate, Middlesex, England. His mother was an American lady. He began to write for the public at a very early age. In 1808, in connection with his brother, he established "The Examiner," a newspaper advocating liberal opinions in politics. For certain articles offensive to the government, the brothers were fined £500 each and condemned to two years' imprisonment. Leigh fitted up his prison like a boudoir, received his friends here, and wrote several works during his confinement. Mr. Hunt was intimate with Byron, Shelley, Moore, and Keats, and was associated with Byron and Shelley in the publication of a political and literary journal. His last years were peacefully devoted to literature, and in 1847 he received a pension from the government.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another:
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king,—a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

NOTE.—**King Francis.** This is supposed to have been Francis I. of France (b. 1494, d. 1547). He was devoted to sports of this nature.

XCV. GINEVRA.

Samuel Rogers, 1763–1855, was the son of a London banker, and, in company with his father, followed the banking business for some years. He began to write at an early age, and published his "Pleasures of Memory," perhaps his most famous work, in 1792. The next year his father died, leaving him an ample fortune. He now retired from business and established himself in an elegant house in St. James's Place. This house was a place of resort for literary men during fifty years. In 1822 he published his longest poem, "Italy," after which he wrote but little. He wrote with care, spending, as he said, nine years on the "Pleasures of Memory," and sixteen on "Italy." "His writings are remarkable for elegance of diction, purity of taste, and beauty of sentiment." It is said that he was very agreeable in conversation and manners, and benevolent in his disposition; but he was addicted to ill-nature and satire in some of his criticisms.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena,—where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies, is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs

Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),—
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their archèd walks,
Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
And lovers such as in heroic song,—
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love.
Read only part that day.—A summer-sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold,
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestors—
That, by the way, it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire;
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum:
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,

Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
But that she was not!—Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra."———There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

NOTES.—The above selection is part of the poem, "Italy." Of the story Rogers says, "This story is, I believe, founded on fact; though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it."

Modena is the capital of a province of the same name in northern Italy.

Bologna's bucket. This is affirmed to be the very bucket which Tassoni, an Italian poet, has celebrated in his mock heroics as the cause of a war between Bologna and Modena.

Reggio is a city about sixteen miles north-west of Modena.

The **Orsini.** A famous Italian family in the Middle Ages.

Zampieri, Domenichino (b. 1581, d. 1641), was one of the most celebrated of the Italian painters.

XCVII. ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809——, was born in Somerby, Lincolnshire, England; his father was a clergyman noted for his energy and physical stature. Alfred, with his two older brothers, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems appeared in 1830; it made little impression, and was severely treated by the critics. On the publication of his third series, in 1842, his poetic genius began to receive general recognition. On the death of Wordsworth he was made poet laureate, and for several years has been regarded as the foremost living poet of England. "In Memoriam," written in memory of his friend Arthur Hallam, appeared in 1850; the "Idyls of the King," in 1859; and "Enoch Arden," a touching story in verse, from which the following selection is taken, was published in 1864. For several years, the poet's residence has been on the Isle of Wight.

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden, square and walled:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunned the middle walk, and stole

Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe,
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness.
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He, therefore, turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.
And there he would have knelt but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never!—no father's kiss for me!—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son!"

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burden of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

NOTE.—**Enoch Arden** had been wrecked on an uninhabited island, and was supposed to be dead. After many years he was rescued, and returned home, where he found his wife happily married a second time. For her happiness, he kept his existence a secret, but soon died of a broken heart.

XCVIII. LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Walter Scott.*

Notes.—The above selection is a song taken from Scott's poem of "Marmion." It is in a slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfarie," to be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

The **Solway** Frith, on the south-west coast of Scotland, is remarkable for its high spring-tides.

Bonnet is the ordinary name in Scotland for a man's cap.

CIX. THE RAVEN.

Edgar Allan Poe, 1811-1849, was born in Baltimore, and died in the same city. He was left a destitute orphan at an early age, and was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond. He entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where he excelled in his studies, and was always at the head of his class; but he was compelled to leave on account of irregularities. He was afterwards appointed a cadet at West Point, but failed to graduate there for the same reason. Poe now quarreled with his benefactor and left his house never to return. During the rest of his melancholy career, he obtained a precarious livelihood by different literary enterprises. His ability as a writer gained him positions with various periodicals in Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia, and during this time he wrote some of his finest prose. The appearance of "The Raven" in 1845, however, at once made Poe a

literary lion. He was quite successful for a time, but then fell back into his dissipated habits which finally caused his death. In his personal appearance, Poe was neat and gentlemanly; his face was expressive of intellect and sensibility; and his mental powers in some directions were of a high order. His writings show care, and a great degree of skill in their construction; but their effect is generally morbid.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—
Vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic
Terrors, never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating

Of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you."—
Here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
Murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping,
Something louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely, that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven,
Wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—

Little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely
On that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me,
As my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in

Front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether

Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted —
Tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil,—
Prophet still, if bird or devil! —
By that heaven that bends above us,
By that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden,
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden,
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! —
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
Take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting

CX. A VIEW OF THE COLOSSEUM.

Orville Dewey, 1794–1882, a well known Unitarian clergyman and author, was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, graduated with distinction at Williams College in 1814, and afterward studied theology at Andover. For a while he was assistant to Dr. W. E. Channing in Boston, and later, was a pastor in New Bedford, New York City, and Boston. He made two or three voyages to Europe, and published accounts of his travels.

"Discourses on Human Life," "Discourses on the Nature of Religion," "Discourses on Commerce and Business," are among his published works. His writings are both philosophical and practical; and, as a preacher, he was esteemed original, earnest, and impressive.

On the eighth of November, from the high land, about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome; and although there is something very unfavorable to impression in the expectation that you are to be greatly impressed, or that

you ought to be, or that such is the fashion; yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by such or any other influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression, but it seemed to me as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time, that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations, kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations had passed over that sublime theater. The fire, the storm, the earthquake, had gone by; but there was yet left the still, small voice like that at which the prophet "wrapped his face in his mantle."

I went to see the Colosseum by moonlight. It is the monarch, the majesty of all ruins; there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdom; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheater, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings; and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and, at its last enlargement by Constantine, more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

But to return to the Colosseum; we went up under the conduct of a guide upon the walls and terraces, or embankments, which supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty of

Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! What voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps upon the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! And now, as we picked our way carefully through the decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some moldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent, too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell from the summit of the neighboring Esquiline.

It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred lonely arches and blackened passage-ways it streamed in, pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Colosseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

I feel that I do not and can not describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralyzed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for "*un dono*," as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Colosseum by moonlight.

NOTES.—The **Colosseum** (pro. Col-os-sē′um) was commenced by the Roman emperor Vespasian, and was completed by Titus, his son, 79 A. D. Its construction occupied but three

years, notwithstanding its size; a great part of its walls are standing to-day.

The **Circus Maximus** was an amphitheater built by Tarquin the Elder about 600 B. C.

Constantine. See note on page 175.

The **Esquiline** is one of the seven hills upon which Rome is built.

Un dono, an Italian phrase meaning *a gift* or *alms.*

CXI. THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
  Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
  And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
  I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
  O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
  And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
  Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
  It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
  Throws its shadow over me.

Yet, whenever I cross the river
  On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
  Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
  Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
  Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
  Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
  And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
  As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
  As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
  And its shadows shall appear
As the symbol of love in heaven,
  And its wavering image here.

—*Longfellow.*

CLIV.—THE TEACHER AND SICK SCHOLAR.

From Dickens.

1. Shortly after the school-master had arranged the forms and taken his seat behind his desk, a small white-headed boy with a sunburnt face appeared at the door, and stopping there to make a †rustic bow, came in and took his seat upon one of the forms. He then put an open book, astonishingly †dog's-eared, upon his knees, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, began counting the marbles with which they were filled; displaying, in the expression of his face, a remarkable †capacity of totally †abstracting his mind from the spelling on which his eyes were fixed.

2. Soon afterward, another white-headed little boy came straggling in, and after him, a red-headed lad, and then, one with a flaxen †poll, until the forms were occupied by a dozen boys, or thereabouts, with heads of every color but gray, and †ranging in their ages from four years old to fourteen years or more; for the legs of the youngest were a long way from the floor, when he sat upon the form; and the eldest was a heavy, good-tempered fellow, about half a head taller than the school-master.

3. At the top of the first form—the post of honor in the school—was the vacant place of the little sick scholar; and, at the head of the row of pegs, on which those who wore hats or caps were wont to hang them, one was empty. No boy attempted to violate the †sanctity of seat or peg, but many a one looked from the empty spaces to the school-master, and whispered to his idle neighbor, behind his hand.

4. Then began the hum of †conning over lessons and getting them by heart, the whispered jest and stealthy game, and all the noise and drawl of school; and in the midst of the din, sat the poor school-master, vainly attempting to fix his mind upon the duties of the day, and to forget his little sick friend. But the †tedium of his office reminded him more strongly of the willing scholar, and his thoughts were †rambling from his pupils—it was plain.

5. None knew this better than the idlest boys, who, growing bolder with †impunity, waxed louder and more daring; play-

ing "odd or even" under the master's eye; eating apples openly and without rebuke; pinching each other in sport or †malice, without the least reserve; and cutting their †initials in the very legs of his desk. The puzzled dunce, who stood beside it to say his lesson "off the book," looked no longer at the ceiling for forgotten words, but drew closer to the master's elbow, and boldly cast his eye upon the page; the wag of the little troop squinted and made †grimaces (at the smallest boy, of course), holding no book before his face, and his approving companions knew no constraint in their delight. If the master *did* chance to rouse himself, and seem alive to what was going on, the noise subsided for a moment, and no eye met his, but wore a studious and deeply humble look; but the instant he †relapsed again, it broke out afresh, and ten times louder than before.

6. Oh! how some of those idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half †meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-place, beneath willow trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned, and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a minnow, or a fly, or any thing but a boy at school, on that hot, broiling day.

7. Heat! ask that other boy, whose seat being nearest to the door, gave him †opportunities of gliding out into the garden, and driving his companions to madness, by dipping his face into the bucket of the well, and then rolling on the grass,—ask him if there was ever such a day as that, when even the bees were diving deep down into the cups of the flowers, and stopping there, as if they had made up their minds to retire from business, and be manufacturers of honey no more. The day was made for laziness, and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sky, till its bright ness forced the gazer to shut his eyes and go to sleep. And was this a time to be †poring over musty books in a dark room, slighted by the very sun itself? Monstrous!

8. The lessons over, writing time began. This was a more

quiet time; for the master would come and look over the writer's shoulder, and mildly tell him to observe how such a letter was turned up, in such a copy on the wall, which had been written by their sick companion, and bid him take it as a †model. Then he would stop and tell them what the sick child had said last night, and how he had longed to be among them once again; and such was the poor schoolmaster's gentle and affectionate manner, that the boys seemed quite †remorseful that they had worried him so much, and were absolutely quiet; eating no apples, cutting no names, and making no †grimaces for full *two minutes* afterward.

9. "I think, boys," said the school-master, when the clock struck twelve, "that I shall give you an extra half-holiday this afternoon." At this intelligence, the boys, led on and headed by the tall boy, raised a great shout, in the midst of which the master was seen to speak, but could not be heard. As he held up his hand, however, in token of his wish that they should be silent, they were †considerate enough to leave off, as soon as the longest-winded among them were quite out of breath. "You must promise me, first," said the school-master, "that you 'll not be noisy, or at least, if you are, that you 'll go away first, out of the village, I mean. I 'm sure you would n't disturb your old playmate and companion."

10. There was a general murmur (and perhaps a very sincere one, for they were but boys), in the negative; and the tall boy, perhaps as sincerely as any of them, called those about him to witness, that he had only shouted in a whisper. "Then pray do n't forget, there 's my dear scholars," said the school-master, "what I have asked you, and do it as a favor to me. Be as happy as you can, and do n't be unmindful that you are blessed with health. Good-by, all."

11. "Thank 'ee, sir," and "Good-by, sir," were said a great many times in a great variety of voices, and the boys went out very slowly and softly. But there was the sun shining, and there were birds singing, as the sun only shines, and the birds only sing, on holidays and half-holidays; there were the trees waving to all free boys to climb, and nestle among their leafy branches; the hay, entreating them to

come and scatter it to the pure air; the green corn, gently beckoning toward wood and stream; the smooth ground, rendered smoother still by †blending lights and shadows, inviting to runs and leaps, and long walks, nobody knows whither. It was more than boy could bear, and with a joyous whoop, the whole cluster took to their heels, and spread themselves about, shouting and laughing as they went. "'T is natural, thank Heaven!" said the poor school-master, looking after them: "I am very glad they did n't mind me."

12. Toward night, the school-master walked over to the cottage where his little friend lay sick. Knocking gently at the cottage door, it was opened without loss of time. He entered a room where a group of women were gathered about one who was wringing her hands and crying bitterly. "O dame!" said the school-master, drawing near her chair, "is it so bad as this?" Without replying, she pointed to another room, which the school-master immediately entered; and there lay his little friend, half-dressed, stretched upon a bed.

13. He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not of earth. The school-master took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying, that he was his dear, kind friend. "I hope I always was. I meant to be, God knows," said the poor school-master. "You remember my garden, Henry?" whispered the old man, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening-time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come soon, very soon now, won't you?"

14. The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them, no, not a sound. In the silence that †ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air, came floating through the open window. "What 's that?" said the sick child, opening his eyes. "The

boys at play, upon the green." He took a handkerchief from his pillow, and tried to wave it above his head. But the feeble arm dropped powerless down. "Shall I do it?" said the school-master. "Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the †lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

15. He raised his head and glanced from the †fluttering †signal to his idle bat, that lay, with slate, and book, and other boyish property, upon the table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more; and again clasped his little arms around the old man's neck. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face to the wall and fell asleep.

* * * * * * *

16. The poor school-master sat in the same place, holding the small, cold hand in his, and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child. He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

CLXI.—THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

From Walter Scott.

In the poem, from which this extract is taken, Marmion is represented as an embassador, sent by Henry VIII, king of England, to James IV. king of Scotland, who were at war with each other. Having finished his mission to James, Marmion was intrusted to the protection and hospitality of Douglas, one of the Scottish nobles. Douglas entertains him, treats him with the respect due to his office and to the honor of his sovereign, yet he despises his private character. Marmion perceives this, and takes †umbrage at it, though he attempts to repress his resentment, and desires to part in peace. Under these circumstances, the scene, as described in this sketch, takes place. Tantallon is the name of Douglas' castle.

1. Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop †array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;

He had safe †conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

2. The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by the king's †behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in *friendship* from your land,
And, noble Earl, *receive my hand.*"
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My †manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he †lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to †foundation stone;
The *hand* of Douglas is his *own;*
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of *such* as *Marmion* clasp."

3 Burned Marmion's †swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for †ire;
And "*This to me,*" he said,
"An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does *England's* message here,
Although the *meanest* in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be *thy* mate:
And, Douglas, *more*, I tell thee here,
Even in thy †pitch of pride,
Here, in *thy hold*, thy †vassals near,
I tell thee, *thou 'rt defied!*
And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, *thou—hast—lied!*"

4. On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth; "And darest thou then
To beard the *lion* in his *den*,
The *Douglas* in his *hall*?
And hopest thou thence †unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, *no!*
Up draw-bridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!
Let the †portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The †ponderous gate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

5. The steed along the draw-bridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise:
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinchèd hand,
And shout of loud †defiance pours,
And shook his †gauntlet at the towers.
"*Horse! horse!*" the Douglas cried, "and *chase!*"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'T is pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold he can speak, and fairly ride
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his †mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

CLXII.—THE GRAVE.

From Irving.

1. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound, we consider it a duty to keep open. This affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother, who would willingly

forget the infant that has perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget a tender parent, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of †agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns?

2. No, the love which †survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden †anguish and the †convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may, sometimes, throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet, who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of †revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

3. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, †extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom, spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a †compunctious †throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies †moldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is, that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments †lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily †intercourse of intimacy; there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful †assiduities! the last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the glazing eye turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

4. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past

benefit †unrequited; every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy †contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou hast given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking †dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the †unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

5. Then weave thy †chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet †futile †tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth, be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

CLXXXIV.—THE DYING SOLDIER.

1. The shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging †squadron yet thunders in the distance; but it presses only on the †foiled and scattered foe. The fight is over! And those who rode foremost in its fields at morning, where are they now? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight, his life-blood ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that swells from that deep wound will answer.

2. It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes; it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that had crossed the foe's dark line; then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His †breast-plate is dinted. His †helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast! *she* would shrink but to *touch* it now, who *placed* it there.

3. Look on yon crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! Prostrate they lie, drenched in

their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying; the †veteran, with the †stripling of a day; the nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend; the steed, with his rider; and foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel †morion! saber and †yataghan! crescent and cross! rich vest and bright †corslet! They came to the fight as if they came to a feasting. Glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

4. His last glance still seeks that banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet, another waits for his who holds it. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, shall seek thee, with her blue eyes, in the conquering ranks to-morrow; but she shall seek thee in vain! Proud heads shall bow for thee. Bright eyes shall weep for thee.

5. Heath! thou wilt be the soldier's pillow! Moon, let thy cold light, this night, fall upon him! But, morning, thy soft dews shall tempt him not! The soldier must wake no more. He is dead! The cross of a knight is on his breast! his lips are pressed to his lady's token! Soldier, farewell!

CXXXI. EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

General Henry Lee, 1756-1818, a member of the celebrated Lee family of Virginia, was born in Westmoreland County in that state, and died on Cumberland Island, Georgia. He graduated at Princeton in his eighteenth year. In 1777 he marched with a regiment of cavalry to join the patriot army, and served with fidelity and success till the close of the war. He was noted for his bravery, skill, and celerity, and received the nickname of "Light-horse Harry." He was a great favorite with both General Greene and General Washington. In 1786 Virginia appointed him one of her delegates to Congress; he also took an active part in favor of the adoption of the constitution in the Virginia Convention of 1788. On the breaking out of the "Whisky Rebellion" in Pennsylvania, in 1794, the President sent General Lee with an army to suppress the disturbance. The insurgents submitted without resistance. In 1799 he was again a member of Congress; and, on the death of Washington, that body appointed him to pronounce a eulogy upon the life and character of the great and good man. The following extract contains the closing part of the oration.

WHO is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Every-where present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga, and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates — to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and, combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived, when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to

submission Cornwallis, since the conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals, he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

NOTES.—At **Brandywine** Creek, in Pennsylvania, 18,000 British, under Howe, defeated 13,000 Americans under Washington.

Germantown, near Philadelphia, was the scene of an American defeat by the British, the same generals commanding as at Brandywine.

The battle of **Monmouth**, in New Jersey, resulted in victory for the Americans.

The **hero of Saratoga** was General Gates, who there compelled the surrender of General Burgoyne.

At **Eutaw** Springs, General Greene defeated a superior force of British.

Cornwallis, Charles, second earl and first marquis (b. 1738, d. 1805), surrendered his forces to a combined American and French army and French fleet at Yorktown, in 1781, virtually ending the war.

CXIX. BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave!—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now, beneath them, but above, shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder, cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshaling in arms,—the day,

Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

—*Byron.*

NOTES.—The **Battle of Waterloo** was fought on June 18th, 1815, between the French army on one side, commanded by Napoleon Bonaparte, and the English army and allies on the other side, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. At the commencement of the battle, some of the officers were at a ball at Brussels, a short distance from Waterloo, and being notified of the approaching contest by the cannonade, left the ball-room for the field of battle.

The wood of Soignies lay between the field of Waterloo and Brussels. It is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of **Ardennes.**

CXXII. DEATH OF ABSALOM.

DAVID numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai, the Gittite.

And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, thou shalt not go forth; for if we flee away, they will not care for us; neither if half of us die, will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

And the king stood by the gate-side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

So the people went out into the field against Israel; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for, in our hearing, the king charged thee, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have wrought falsehood

against mine own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor, compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, every one to his tent. Now Absalom, in his life-time, had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place.

Then said Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day: but this day thou shall bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. Then said Joab to Cushi, Go, tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran.

Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready? But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, Run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi.

And David sat between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And

the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running, and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

And behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

—*II Samuel, Chap. xviii.*

CXXV. A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time;—

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—*Longfellow.*

CXXVII. LINES TO A WATER-FOWL.

Whither 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocky billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast.
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day, thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—*Bryant.*

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